2/-

The Sketch

AUTUMN FASHION NUMBER

Nº 2818 Vol. CCXVII

OCTOBER 8. 1952

B.O.A.C. takes good care of you to 51 countries on all six continents

The world is vast indeed. But measured in B.O.A.C. flying hours you forget old-fashioned ideas about distance and arrive at your destination in a comfortable hurry. You fly at fine-weather heights in fully pressurized 4-engined aircraft, enjoy complimentary meals and mealtime drinks. No tips or extras for attentive service, unrivalled airmanship and 33 years' flying experience on the air routes of the world.

Consult your local Travel Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VICtoria 2323) or 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAYfair 6611).

FLY BRITISH BY **B·O·A·C**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED, SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS AND TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED

OCTOBER

Fusilades are fired at pheasants on the First. Gladioli should be lifted and late potatoes stored. Likewise carrots. Hoist the Flag on the 21st. in memory of Nelson, and at the end of the month keep a sharp lookout for witches airborne on brooms. Bear in mind that all sportsmen will be on a winner at the Cesarewitch when they

Have a CAPSTAN

– they're made to make friends

HAIL, OLD OCTOBER, BRIGHT AND CHILL.

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

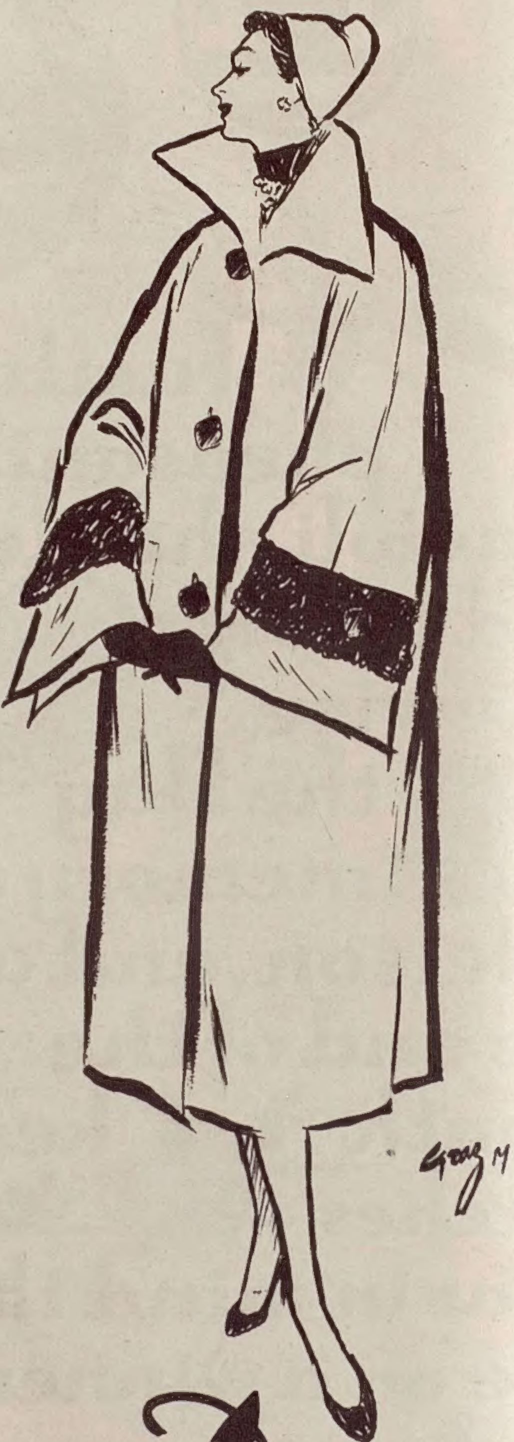
CC 779 P

MATITA

PARIS NEW YORK

of London

The Quality Look



of Rensor

Beauty of movement and cuffs enriched with Persian Lamb are characteristic features of this chic and luxurious coat of black Face Cloth.

"YORK" *Price about* £16.10.0.

From most leading stores, including:

LONDON, D. H. EVANS, SWAN & EDGAR
BATH, ANDREW TAIT.
BOURNEMOUTH, ELSIE BATTLE.
BRISTOL, ALEXANDRA CO. LTD.
COLWYN BAY, WOODS.
GUERNSEY, HARRIS MODES.
JERSEY, A. DE GRUCHY.
NEWCASTLE, JOHN MOSES.
NORWICH, GARLANDS.
PORTSMOUTH, BELMONT.
SHEFFIELD, JOHN ATKINSON.

A. ROSNER & SONS LTD., 8 GROSVENOR ST., LONDON, W.1

Please write for name of your nearest stockist to 13 Stratford Place, London, W.1

Walnut Cabinet containing Regent Plate Spoons & Forks "Shirley" pattern — 83 pieces £70

WE AT '112' are proud to feel that the traditions of quality and workmanship that have made the English Silversmith world-famous, are fully maintained in the continually improving stock of Spoons, Forks and Cutlery both plain and fancy patterns, now displayed in our showrooms. A special catalogue of Spoons, Forks and Cutlery is now available. A copy will be sent upon request.

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

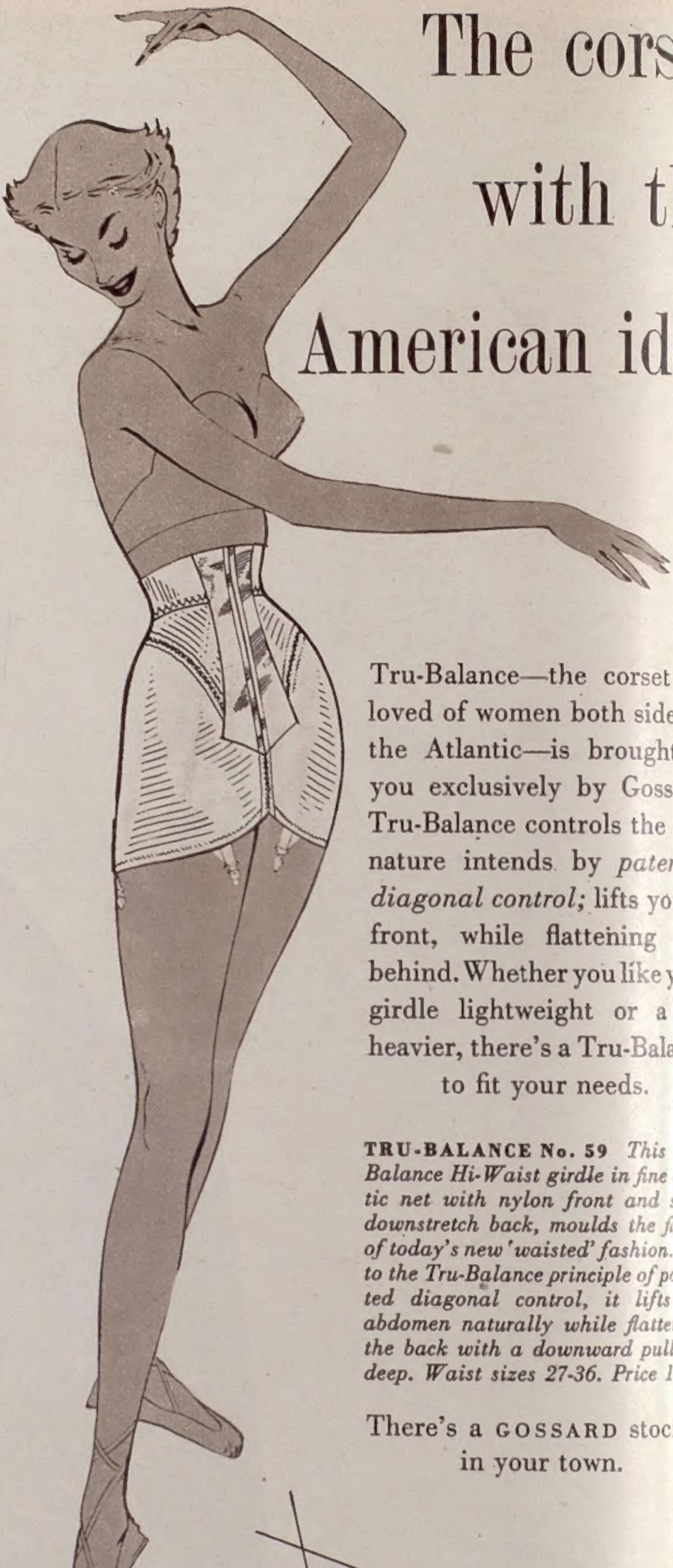
Crown Jewellers

incorporating **GARRARD & CO.**

112 Regent Street London W.1

NUMBER '112' IS OUR ONLY ADDRESS. TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021

The corset with the American idea



Tru-Balance—the corset beloved of women both sides of the Atlantic—is brought to you exclusively by Gossard. Tru-Balance controls the way nature intends by *patented diagonal control;* lifts you in front, while flattening you behind. Whether you like your girdle lightweight or a bit heavier, there's a Tru-Balance to fit your needs.

TRU-BALANCE No. 59 *This Tru-Balance Hi-Waist girdle in fine elastic net with nylon front and satin downstretch back, moulds the figure of today's new 'waisted' fashion. Due to the Tru-Balance principle of patented diagonal control, it lifts the abdomen naturally while flattening the back with a downward pull. 17" deep. Waist sizes 27-36. Price 108/3*

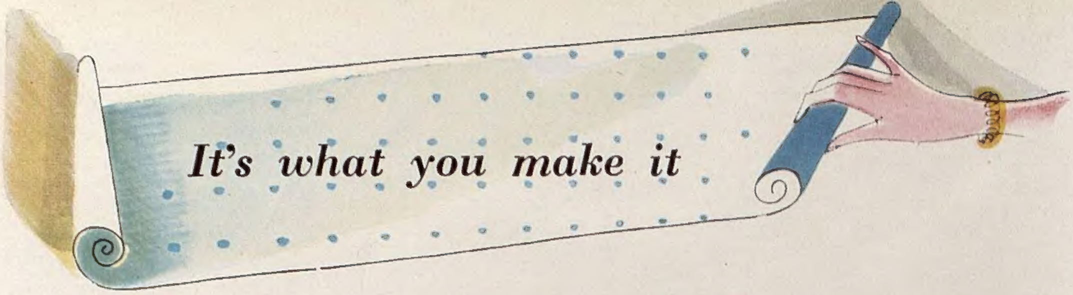
There's a GOSSARD stockist in your town.

Tru Balance

Gossard

LONDON · NEW YORK

HOWARD FORD & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON



A room with a plain white ceiling bounded by a cornice,

four walls alike, armchairs and a settee from the same litter, pictures

symmetrical at eye-height. Very nice, no doubt . . .

At Sanderson, of Berners Street, they will ask about

the shape *of a room, its lighting, its aspect.*

And if it is high, may suggest a ceiling papered in colour,

or if it is long, a different paper

for one wall only,

or if it is dark . . .

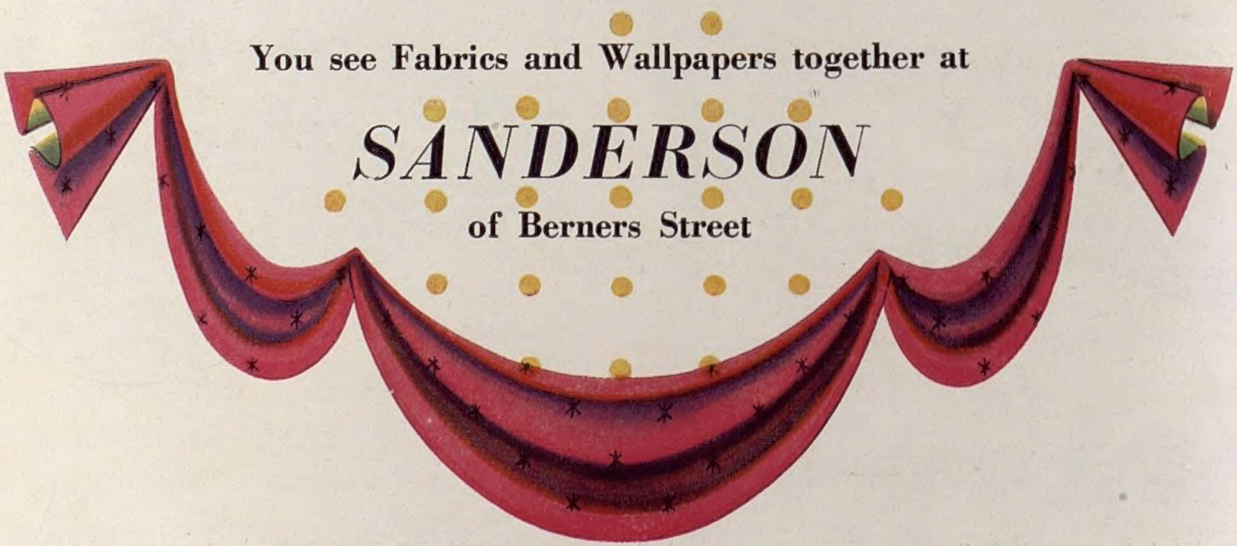
It's remarkable how much you can do

for a room with wallpapers alone.

But then Sanderson papers are not alone.

You choose them in company with

the loveliest (and most exclusive) of Europe's woven and printed materials.



52-53 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.1 & 6-7 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW, C.3

Horrockses Fashions
in Wool Jersey

Distinguished in black taffeta—versatile with its red fitted jacket
From leading stores, around 24 gns.
Susan Small Ltd. (Wholesale only) 76 Wells Street, London, W.1
Member of the London Model House Group

FASHION DICTATES THE PERFECT COCKTAIL DRESS IN BLACK PLEATED SHEER, ALSO IN COLOURS.

FROM OUR MODEL COLLECTION

PRICE 14 GNS.

helen kaye

262-264, REGENT ST., W.1 Telephone : REGent 5517

Vasco

World famous for over half a Century

Our latest fashion . . 'ROMANCE'

Your ideal hair style, so easy to manage, and designed specially for you with our 'HAIR BUBBLES' short cut perm which costs **£4. 4. 0.** including Restyling, Shampooing and Setting *the same price we have charged for more than 25 years*

Our specialities:

Shampoo and set 10/- inclusive. Clinic for hair and scalp disorders. Hair tinting in all shades.

T. VASCO LTD.

16 Dover Street, London, W.1

Telephone: REGent 3324 (4 lines).

Brochure on request

All advice free

at

Jacqmar

now

The new Brocades

Wild silk Chiffons

Velvet embossed Nylon

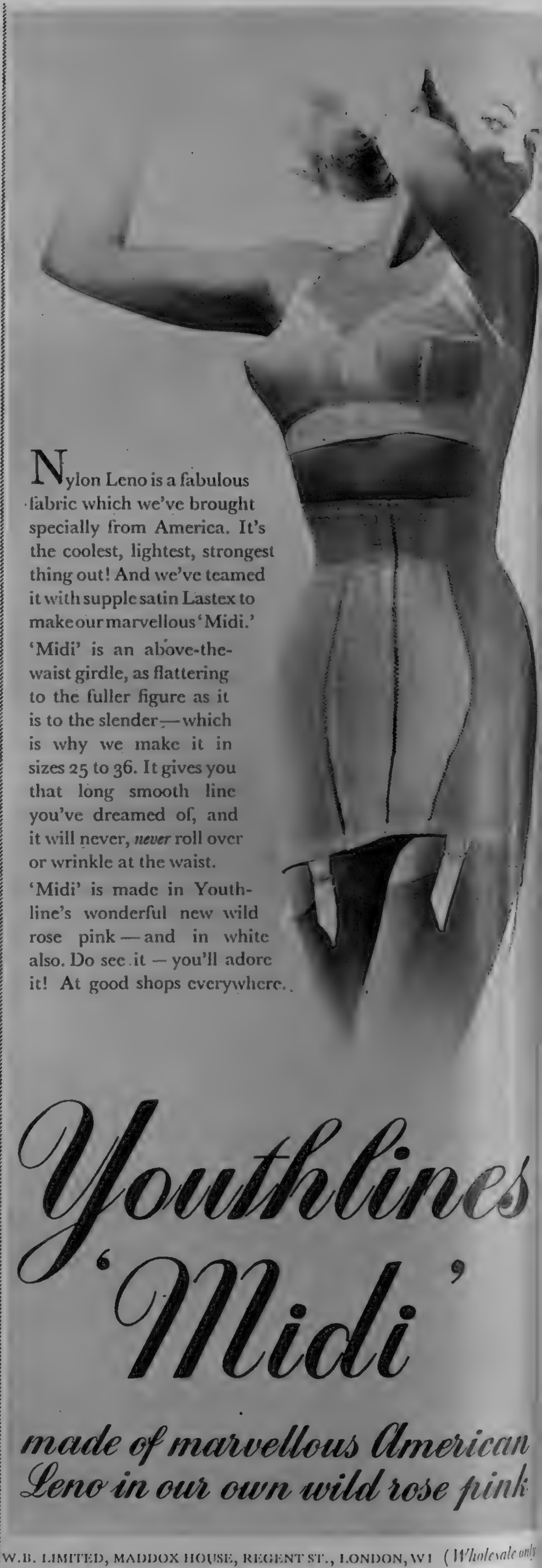
Shaggy suitings

and of course the famous tweeds and worsteds

Jacqmar

16 Grosvenor Street W.1

The Loveliest Furs of All
come from the
National
Fur Company LTD.
Catalogue will gladly be sent on request.
Specialists in fine furs since 1878.
193-195 BROMPTON RD., LONDON, S.W.3
Also at : BIRMINGHAM, CARDIFF, LEICESTER, SWANSEA, NEWPORT, CARMARTHEN


Nylon Leno is a fabulous fabric which we've brought specially from America. It's the coolest, lightest, strongest thing out! And we've teamed it with supple satin Lastex to make our marvellous 'Midi.'
'Midi' is an above-the-waist girdle, as flattering to the fuller figure as it is to the slender,—which is why we make it in sizes 25 to 36. It gives you that long smooth line you've dreamed of, and it will never, never roll over or wrinkle at the waist.
'Midi' is made in Youthline's wonderful new wild rose pink — and in white also. Do see it — you'll adore it! At good shops everywhere.
Youthlines
'Midi'
made of marvellous American
Leno in our own wild rose pink
W.B. LIMITED, MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT ST., LONDON, W1 (Wholesale only

trust in Gold

Three elegant watches with the Mappin guarantee

Wise choice for the smart and busy woman is one of these exquisite gold watches highly recommended and guaranteed as reliable as they are beautiful. First-class fully-jewelled Swiss lever movements. 9 ct. gold bracelets. See them at our Showrooms —or enquire by post—now. Mappin and Webb guarantee complete satisfaction.

A. £44. 17. 6
B. £42. 4. 6
C. £44. 17. 6

MAPPIN AND WEBB
LIMITED

LONDON SHOWROOMS:
156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1. 172 REGENT ST., W.1. 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4.
SHEFFIELD SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.
PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY

...so topical...so timeless...so typically

MARCUS

"Chateau" From the Marcus Autumn collection; finest worsted barathea dress, with leopard-trimmed belt. At leading Fashion Houses throughout the country.

W. & O. MARCUS LTD., LONDON, W.1 *MEMBER OF THE LONDON MODEL HOUSE GROUP*

Roussel for you

. . . because the dress you chose with such care to enhance your own personality merits a good foundation, one made so that your own charm shall be accentuated.

At Roussel you will have the attention of a fitter trained to achieve ultimate beauty for *you*, your Roussel Belt will be made in their own graduated weaves, styles and proportions to suit *you* and its long wearing quality backed by the Roussel Service and guarantee means money wisely spent.

Illustrated brochure M.24 free on request

J. Roussel Ltd. (of Paris)

179-181 Regent St. London W.1. *Regent 6571 & 2364*
137 New Bond St. London W.1. *Mayfair 0905* and at Aberdeen, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle

That air of easy elegance . . .

. . . is captured and held in this trim tweed Ensemble with a touch of Velvet. "EWELL" is one of this Autumn's outstanding fashion leads. The suit has a wonderfully slimming line, and the skirt has a side wrap giving generous room for walking. In Grey/Primrose, Grey/White, Grey/Turquoise or Beige/White. Please state second choice of colour.

Sizes 40 and 42	-	24 gns.
Size 44	-	26 gns.
Flat and forward velvet hat to match collar	– – –	£5.19.11

VIC 6666

Gorringes OF VICTORIA

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

A NEW *Yearly Service*

IN PERMANENT WAVING

Exclusively Antoine — the special service which maintains your permanent wave — at its best — throughout the year. You pay once only . . . for a softer, lighter permanent wave that you may renew as often as you feel necessary without recurring charge. We will gladly send you details on request.

APPOINTMENTS REGENT 2186

Antoine

38 DOVER STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1. · PARIS · NEW YORK

Chilprufe for safety's sake

Where children are concerned, health becomes the first consideration at all times. Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear, with its unique all-weather protection, is the finest safeguard against colds and chills. Warm, soft, and non-irritant, it seems to last for ever, retaining all the time its shape and beautiful finish.

Be wise — insist on Chilprufe!

Chilprufe Regd.
for CHILDREN

CHILDPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

Also Children's Outerwear, Tailored Coats, Shoes, Toys, Ladies' and Men's Pure Wool Underwear. Ask your Chilprufe Agent, or write for Catalogue.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

Where **Exquisite Furs** *are not expensive*

A lovely model in superfine Peschaniki chosen from our new Winter Collection. Available in either Wild Mink or Ranch Mink colour. In all sizes from 175 gns. ¾ length from 159 gns.

Gladly sent on Approval
without obligation

Illustrated Brochure on request

Fur Remodelling . . .
Expert advice and estimates will be given without charge

Brenner Furs
THE CITY FUR STORE

110 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
(Showrooms 1st floor—Corner Brook St.)

Aristoc is giving stocking fashions a new twist

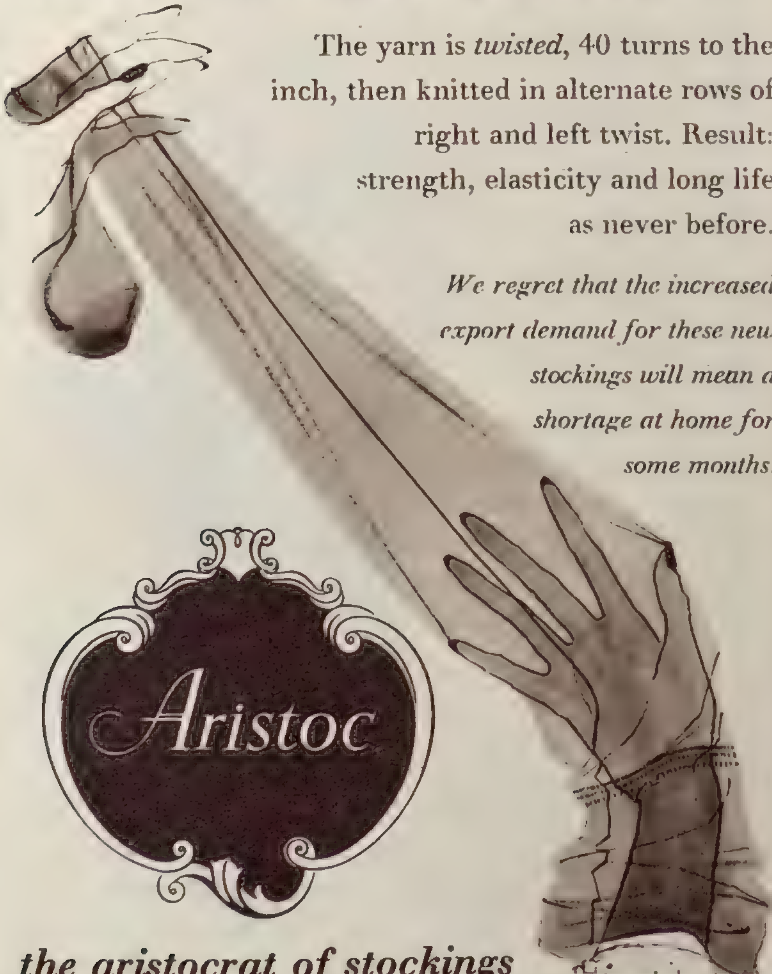
GOODWOOD are 15-denier 51-gauge nylons knitted in the new fabulous *40-twist*. There's a new form of welt, too, to make these sheerly beautiful stockings even more flexible and long-wearing. Set out to look for them today at . . . 9/11 per pair!

ASCOT, too, have all the advantages of *40-twist* in 15-denier nylon monofil, knitted by the exclusive new process in 60-gauge. Add the new welt . . . and you'll see why they cling and stretch, so happily . . . at 11/- per pair.

What is 40-twist?

The yarn is *twisted*, 40 turns to the inch, then knitted in alternate rows of right and left twist. Result: strength, elasticity and long life as never before.

We regret that the increased export demand for these new stockings will mean a shortage at home for some months.



the aristocrat of stockings

"TO CUT . .

OR

NOT TO CUT"

So much more can be done to style hair which has grown an inch or so during the holidays. EMILE say, "do not cut it"—and have designed a series of not-so-short coiffures shaped to please the woman who is not satisfied with Uniformity.

Appointments SLOane 0303

EMILE LTD.

By appointment Hairdresser to H.M. Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother

194 *Sloane St., S.W.1, formerly* 24 *Conduit St., W.*1

Street Velvet

A beautiful tailored coat in soft lustrous velvet. In black only.

22 gns.

Personal Shoppers Only
Small Size Speciality Shop : Fourth Floor.

Jaunty pointed cap in peach bloom velour, in black and several bright colours.

£3. 19. 11.

Millinery : First Floor

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Regent 1616

'Clydella' Comfort . . . for the Household Cavalry!

A CAVALRY CHARGE from the bedroom, mountaineering and tobogganing on the stairs . . . heroic activities like these may play havoc in the house, *but they won't hurt Clydella Pyjamas.*

There's a wonderful sense of wellbeing in wearing 'Clydella' . . . shirts, as well as pyjamas . . . soft, warm texture that nothing changes, sure protection against chills at any time of the year—and in *your* style and colour.

Fathers and sons, even unbending elder brothers, respond to 'Clydella' Comfort. Mother makes sure of it for the whole family . . . *from the day they're born.* She knows 'Clydella' garments are the best, most lasting value the shops can offer; and they have the *best possible* washing guarantee, IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE.

You will be glad you bought Clydella when the cold nights set in. Clydella pyjamas are wonderful economy—for Small Sons (sizes 22–36 ins.) from 31/6d.; for Fathers and Elder Brothers (sizes 38–44 ins. chest) at 59/6d.

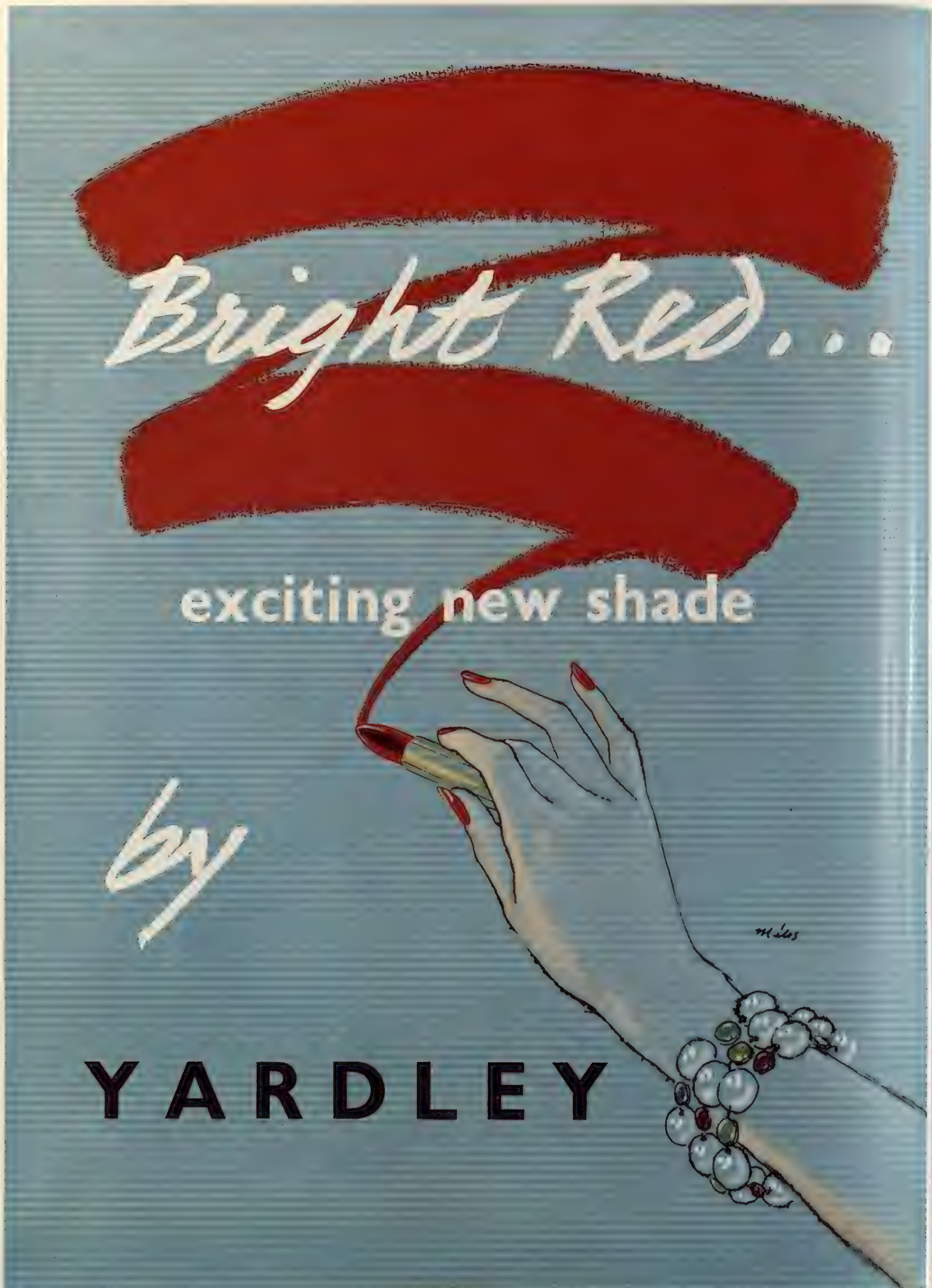
There's nothing to equal

'Clydella'

REGD.

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIYELLA' AND 'DAYELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM


Bright Red...
exciting new shade
by
YARDLEY
Miles

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1952

Photographed by Cecil Beaton.

IN THE GARDEN AT COPPINS

The Duchess of Kent and her sixteen-year-old son, the Duke of Kent, photographed informally in the garden at Coppins, the Duchess's country house at Iver, Buckinghamshire. This picture was taken shortly before they left this country on September 27 to fly out to the Far East, where they had arranged a five-week tour.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

MRS. PETER THORNEYCROFT, wife of the President of the Board of Trade, is considered one of the best-dressed of the Conservative Party wives. She is firm about black as the basic colour in her wardrobe, but here she is wearing a gracefully-draped evening dress with an enormously full skirt in elephant-grey silk. The drawing-room of the Thorneycrofts' attractive Chester Square house is dominated by a magnificent Aubusson carpet.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

THROUGH the kindness of Sir Miles Thomas—that admirable man who has applied so successfully to nationalised air transport the best features of private enterprise—I was recently invited to go to Rome by B.O.A.C. on one of the proving flights of the Comet. These proving flights are to familiarise the air crews with the routes to the Far East and South Africa, and with the peculiarities of these wonderful jet aircraft. I can well believe that the latter is necessary, for flying in the Comet is an entirely new conception of civil aviation for anyone who, like myself, has flown tens, possibly hundreds, of thousands of miles in piston-engined aircraft. It is not merely the speed of the thing (unless my watch was wrong, we took 2 hours and 20 minutes going out to Rome, and 2 hours and 35 minutes coming back), but the almost entire lack of vibration and greatly reduced noise. In both these respects, however, I think the Comet has been a little over-sold by enthusiasts who said that they could balance a pencil on a table (which I found impossible), while the noise aft in the aircraft is as great, or greater, than in a piston-engined machine. Where I was sitting, however, it was beautifully quiet, and while the actual take-off speed did not appear to be any greater than that of a normal aircraft, I noticed at once its great speed as objects on the ground dwindled away beneath us.

It was a great experience, too, when crossing the Channel to be able to see through broken cloud, already some 10,000 ft. below, both the English and the French coasts, for, I imagine, 100 miles in either direction. It was a blowy day, but by the time we had crossed the French coast, the white horses, which would have made a surface Channel crossing distinctly unstable, had dwindled to the merest pin-points of white. Unfortunately, both going out and returning, the weather was bad down below, so that we only had an occasional glimpse of the ground over France and Northern Italy—though on the return journey I was able to distinguish the majestic peaks of the Jungfrau region, familiar to so many skiers, looking utterly insignificant from our 40,000 ft. altitude.

Flying above the highest bad weather is also a remarkable experience, with a "floor" of what, seen from below, must have been unbroken cloud. Seen from 20,000 ft. above, however, it looked like the convolutions of the human brain, with great rococo pillars like the columns of the University Church at Oxford and towers of turbulence streaming up to the maximum height at which water droplets can be supported by the rarefied air—and all of them cut off at a dead level as if by a carpenter's plane. Only once

while at that height did I get an impression of speed, and that was when, twenty minutes out from Rome on the return journey, another Comet passed us some 5000 ft. below. One moment the aircraft was on one side of the sky, the next moment it was disappearing at the other. Perhaps on the whole this was not surprising as we were passing each other at well over 1000 miles an hour. On the return journey also I got one most vivid impression of height. This was when we crossed the southern Kent coast and immediately afterwards, through broken cloud, saw some more water and the estuaries of two "small" rivers. The second coastline we had crossed was the northern coast of Kent, and the estuaries were those of the Medway and the Thames!

ROME itself when we arrived was under heavy, lowering skies and drenched with rain showers, which has never been my memory of surely that most beautiful of all capital cities, in which there is so perfect a blend of ancient, mediæval, Renaissance, eighteenth century and even modern. Horace, if I remember, calls the Tiber *flavus*, and "tawny" is, indeed, my conception of the prevailing colour-scheme of Rome. It needs sun, however, to bring it out, and the sun on the first day was lacking. However, some old friends, Dr. Riccardo Vicchi Borghesi and his wife Romola, who is now Secretary-General of the F.A.O., had done their best to offset the vagaries of the weather, and had laid on a party for mutual acquaintances in the Italian Foreign Office, diplomatic service and others, many of whom I had not seen for at least fifteen years. To them I was "the man who was coming two days ago," for it is true that had I taken the Rome Express I should have beaten the Comet's originally proposed flight by very nearly two days (but then I do that sort of thing to aircraft, as readers of *The Sketch* will remember!).

At the party was Pamela Matthews, who now lives in Rome and who used to be one of Rank's stars. "Glam Pam" as she was known to her friends in this country, is a brilliant natural linguist. My Italian friends said that they had never heard any foreigner speak such good Italian. Recently, however, she has been doing the English translations and coaching Anna Magnani for her first part in English in a film. Like so many Italians, she runs about all over Rome in one of those little beetle cars (which, incidentally, cost just as much as any English 10- or 12-h.p. car, without the purchase tax), and has become completely Romanised. For the last two years no one has been allowed to hoot in Rome except in moments of the utmost emergency. Three incautious gentlemen, who found themselves staring at a few inches distance at the bonnet of Pam's "beetle" and who ventured to remonstrate, were greeted with a bland "*Come? Paura?*" ("How now? Fear?") My sympathies were all with the gentlemen, for if ever pedestrians had reason to be terrified, they had.

Talking of the word "*paura*," I was lunching recently with Tom Lindsay, whose father, Sir Harry Lindsay, is retiring from the Directorship of the Imperial Institute in a month or two's time. One of Tom's best Italian stories (he is tri-lingual) is of his parents' Italian butler, who was called up in World War I. and who wrote with admirable candour from the front: "*Scusi la caligrafia, ma mi trema la mano dalla paura*"! ("Please excuse my handwriting, but my hand is shaking with terror.") Admirable Private Angelo stuff. As against that, I remember talking before this last war to the Chief of Staff of General Von Below, who commanded the German-Austrian armies which inflicted on the Italians the appalling defeat of Caporetto. He told me that for sheer individual heroism he had never seen anything to touch that of the Italian officers in the abortive Italian attack which preceded the Caporetto battle. From their commanding position the Germans and Austrians looked down on wave after wave of Italian officers—occasionally supported by a few N.C.O.s and other ranks, but more often alone—move steadily forward through withering fire until all were killed or wounded.

ON returning from Rome, I was interested in the sumptuous party given by Lever Brothers to launch their latest detergent —"Surf." I should hasten to say that I am no judge of these products, having, if anything, a slight prejudice against all of them, as a rival (and no doubt inferior) brand succeeded recently in shrinking and making the colours run on a favourite sweater which had escaped such damage in the quarter-century of its existence. It was, however, an imaginative touch in this year of the Wellington centenary to hold the party on board H.Q.S. *Wellington*. Indeed, all of the admirable arrangements of the party showed similar imagination. Only the champagne was entirely (and satisfactorily) orthodox.

At the party I met an Irish friend of whom I was thinking as I was driving down O'Connell Street a few days later on a flying visit to Dublin. He was a well-known show jumper, and after one of the recent triumphs of the British team at the Horse Show had been delighted to hear an orator in O'Connell Street say to a crowd as he passed by ". . . and to think that at this very moment your President is placing a trophy in the hands of a tyrant!" The President, who had incurred the oratorical wrath of the speaker was that charming little Sean T. O'Kelly, and the "tyrant" was that well-known oppressor of the Irish, Colonel Harry Llewellyn, who had just led the British team to victory!

Incidentally, while I was in Dublin I was distressed to hear that the Kildare Street Club and the University Clubs are, like so many London clubs, to amalgamate. The tragedy lies in the fact that the beautiful Georgian building of the University Club overlooking St. Stephen's Green is, according to present plans, to be demolished, and the architecturally dreary Kildare Street Club, the home, as I once put it, of "the emigrés who never emigrated," is to become the joint headquarters of the two.

TALKING of emigrés and lost causes, I have been a little surprised by a recent book which advances the theory that the 1745 rebellion never had the slightest chance of success. This was not the view of William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, two years after its defeat, nor of Newcastle, the Premier of the day, who, when the Young Pretender got to Derby, was wondering how he could get in touch with him discreetly in case he won. Nor as any reader of *Tom Jones*, Fielding's great contemporary novel, will remember, was the average English man or woman at all certain, being prepared to throw in their lot with whichever side looked like winning. Still, whatever the latter-day judgment of the historians, the '45 remains one of the great and enduring examples of selfless loyalty to a cause.

I used, at one time, to collect Jacobite toasts to the King over the water, but faulty memory has robbed me of all except two. As I remember them, they were:

Here's a health to the King whom
the crown doth belong to,
Confusion to those whom the
right King would wrong do,
I do not here mention whether
old King or new King,
But here's a health—a health
to the true King.

And the other:

God bless the King—I mean the
Faith's Defender,
God bless (no harm in blessing)
the Pretender,
But which Pretender is, and
which is King—
God bless us all, that's quite
another thing.

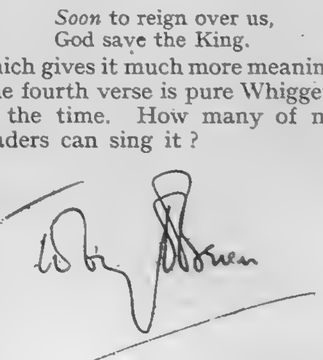
Incidentally, there are those who hold that the National Anthem was originally a Jacobite hymn. That is to say, in the first verse the lines:

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,

should then continue:

Soon to reign over us,
God save the King.

which gives it much more meaning. The fourth verse is pure Whiggery of the time. How many of my readers can sing it?



London, September 16.

WITH a few weeks of the season still to run, owners of England's Stately Homes are totting-up the numbers of visitors they have received — at about 2s. 6d. a head — compared with last year's figures. In general they seem well satisfid.

SIC TRANSIT...

It used to be accepted, not so very long ago,
That cadets of noble houses might quite reasonably show,
A penchant for the lower life, the music hall, the play,
And going to the devil in a gentlemanly way;
But their coroneted fathers did not reckon to extend,
Hospitality to everyone with half-a-crown to spend.
Though in days of high taxation they perhaps may be excused,
Queen Victoria would **not** *have been amused.*

The working-class existence was unquestionably scaly,
When the Government was led by Mr. Benjamin Disraeli,
But the House of Lords, though studious about the public health,
Was careful always to maintain the dignity of wealth.
(If the lower orders recognised the very wide disparity,
A garden might be opened in the interests of charity.)
But commercialised heredity, there is no need to say,
Would not have done **at all** *in Victoria's day.*

Victorian society would be surprised indeed,
To see how their successors have interpreted their creed;
They also would be shattered at the cataclysms which
Have lately overtaken what are called the "idle" rich;
Their senses would not credit a descendant of the Norman,
Who was forced by economics to become a titled doorman.
That the landed aristocracy themselves should thus demean,
Never *would have done for the dear old Queen.*

C. E. B. WHITE.

Challoner Club's Birthday Ball

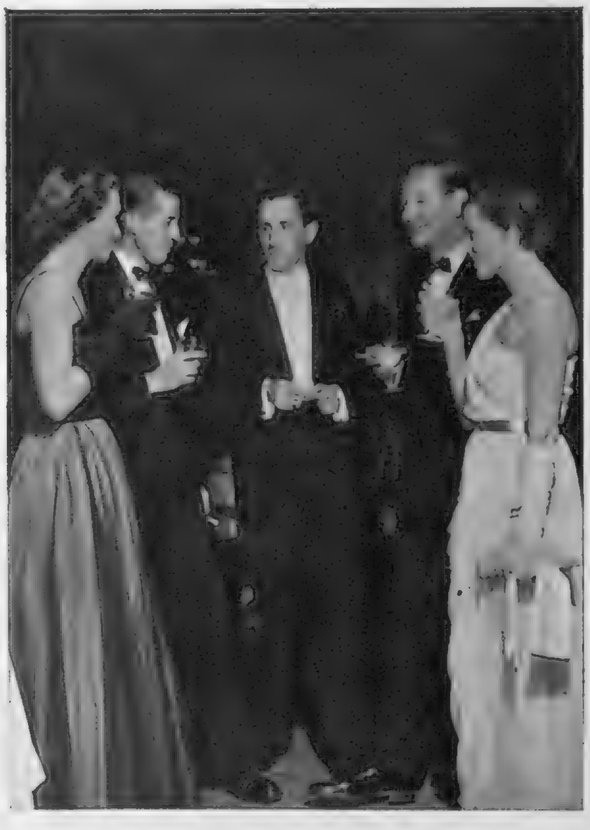
Mrs. Michael Forte (*right*) hands a bouquet to Mrs. Michael Derrick, who cut the cake, while Pipe Major Tommy Marshall watches.

(*L. to r.*) Father Joseph Christie, Mrs. R. G. Triggs, Colonel R. G. Triggs, the Club's secretary, and Mrs. Madjlessy were all ready for supper.

Behind the flowers at the top table was Mrs. Weisweiller (*right*), who brought a large party, with Mr. Poloniecka and Mrs. Poloniecka.

Miss Felicity Triggs made the perfect "Alice Through the Looking Glass": the very idea seemed to amuse Mr. Tim Priest.

While the ordinary dancers had a brief rest from foxtrots and quicksteps Patricia Kelly and Terence Theobald took the floor in a series of breathless swings and roundabouts.



Debating whether to sit out (*l. to r.*) Miss J. Rushworth, Mr. Jacques Pouvreau, Mr. J. P. Hatfield (chairman of the Ball Committee), Mr. Geoffry Harper and Miss K. Hatfield.

(*L. to r.*) Dr. B. MacGreevy, Dr. C. Morton, Dr. L. Morton, Miss P. McConn represented

This party were all Australians. Sitting (*l. to r.*) are Mr. H. Anderson, Mrs. R. Rayson, Miss Patricia Bruce-Smith, Miss C. Taylor, Mrs. McCaffrey, Dr. Margaret Garner and Mrs. L. Mortlock, while (*l. to r.*) Mr. L. Mortlock, Mr. W. Byrne, Mr. McCaffrey, Squadron Leader R. Rayson, R.A.A.F., and Mr. A. W. D. Malcolm stood behind.

Twinkling chandeliers and glittering mirrored walls made a sparkling background for the Challoner Club's third anniversary ball at the Dorchester on September 19. This was one of the first dances of the "winter season," so everyone was especially prepared to enjoy themselves, and dancing went on well into the early hours of the next morning. At midnight a splendid pink-and-green iced birthday cake was "piped" into the ballroom, and later the piper played for the always popular eightsome reel.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Glynn, Dr. P. G. Donegan, Miss J. Acton, Miss A. Taylor and Dr. D. J. Ireland in force.

Mrs. A. E. Wadham (*left*), Mr. J. M. Derrick (chairman of the Challoner Club), Mrs. J. M. Derrick, Mr. A. J. Tressidder, Mrs. Tressidder and Mr. A. E. Wadham just before they went on to the floor.

Charlie is Calvero—"a fading music-hall artist." Here he stands beside his pathetic find, Terry, a ballerina (Claire Bloom), whom, with the help of her doctor, played by Wheeler Dryden, he rescues from suicide.

The lady's dejection is abating, but her hair is still like seaweed, sure sign that she has lately been at the lowest possible ebb. Kind Charlie as Calvero, off the Halls stage for the moment, stays her torments with the prospect of a kipper supper.

Charles Chaplin was born in London and he is still a British subject; here, in his faded music-hall artist glory and check cravat, he reacts to the laughter of the maid (Molly Glessing).

Almost overplaying his age, sad, momentarily desponding Calvero glooms at Terry (Claire Bloom), who does her best to cheer him up. This is a splendid chance for Charlie to be moving, and he is.

Allez-oop! The dear old friend of generations does it again and the man who put movies on his own special map keeps them there. One genius is enough to make an industry an art; what Chaplin started forty years ago has never outgrown him: or, indeed, caught up with him.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

It is no longer necessary for Charlie Chaplin to pop into that little old bowler and too-big shoes; he has established himself so solidly as the symbol of every little (rather sad) man's comic hopes and fears that he can dress the part or not as he pleases.

In *Limelight*, due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on October 16, we have him playing his inimitable self "straight" as well as giving us glimpses of the brilliant character he invented for the earliest movies. The latter is the stylised symbol made known internationally by Chaplin, a man of genius whom we saw (to some extent) as himself for the first time in *Monsieur Verdoux* and meet again in *Limelight*. He spent two-and-a-half years writing

The laughter-maker of four decades wears his sixty-three years of life to great effect in his part as Calvero, a London music-hall comedian with a long career behind him.

Two of Charlie Chaplin's sons, Sydney and Charles, Jnr., appear in *Limelight*; here is Sydney, as Neville, helping Terry on with her coat after her performance.

the screenplay of this himself and also wrote the score, which includes a concerto and a ballet ("The Death of Columbine").

The period of the story is 1917 and it claims that the emotions of the characters are "basic," which seems merely to mean acceptance of life, death and an occasional kipper to speed them along.

Princess Margaret has promised to go to the première, which is in aid of the Royal London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind.

Re-hatching eternally is the Charlie we used to know; here he squirms in all the glory of the character he has created for us and as much of eternity as we can bear to believe in. The bowler has been daringly replaced by a boater, but here are the essentials of the old Charlie who has meant so much, to so many, for so long.

OUR BOOKSHELF

SPARK OF LIFE. By Erich Maria Remarque. (*Hutchinson ; 12s. 6d.*)
MUSEUM PIECES. By William Plomer. (*Jonathan Cape ; 12s. 6d.*)
A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By Beverley Nichols. (*Jonathan Cape ; 12s. 6d.*)
FIRST AND LAST LOVES. By John Betjeman. (*John Murray ; 20s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

IT is shocking to realise that there is already a convention in books about concentration camps, but there certainly is and Mr. Erich Maria Remarque's *Spark of Life* conforms to it. There are the hideous sufferings of the prisoners contrasted with the fat plenty of life for the bullying guards, there is the love-affair which somehow exists under the frightful conditions described, and there is the inevitable deliverance of those who have managed to keep alive when the American Army reaches the camp. True, most of such descriptions published have been in the form of autobiography rather than fiction based upon "facts, documents, official reports and dozens of eye-witness accounts," as this novel is, but the intention is nearly always the same, to show that the human spirit can survive conditions which degrade, mutilate, starve and ridicule the human body. In this Mr. Remarque succeeds. The inmates of the camp whom he calls the skeletons are depicted as diseased animals feebly snarling over food scraps, indifferent to the death and disease among them, sub-human zanies who have long abandoned hope. But here and there among them is that spark which he names in his title, and we see acts of generosity, attempts to hold on to sanity and some charity, even dim remnants of their faith in humanity. The story is told with a deadly matter-of-factness which adds to its horror. Incidentally, if the mark of a good translation is that the book seems to have been written in the language into which it is translated, this one, by Mr. James Stern, is excellent.

WE have waited much too long for a new novel from Mr. William Plomer, but *Museum Pieces* was worth waiting for. Like all this author's work, it is very much more than can be implied by a summary of its theme. This is a study of two people, a mother and son, who stand for a kind of life which has passed away. Not by chance does it end with a visit to Ranelagh, after the death of both Susannah Mountfaucon and her son by her first marriage, Toby d'Arfey. "I imagined the still youthful Susannah, with her husband Captain d'Arfey, on the crest of the wave of her life and of the imperialist age, strolling in an elaborate *toilette* on some resonant Edwardian afternoon towards the polo ground, and thoughtfully twirling her parasol while watching Morven Mountfaucon distinguishing himself—the polo ground where now a tired slut in a dirty cardigan was grubbing about among pea-sticks and cabbage stalks to help to feed her perhaps equally unlovely and unnecessary young." The mood of the book is not, however, elegiac, and though Toby and his mother are seen as survivals of a more gracious world, they are not seen uncritically and certainly not without humour. Mr. Plomer's prose deserves to be read aloud. His book is as fine, as distinguished, as moving and as gay as anything—no, as everything else he has written.

I FIND it difficult to write here of a new book by Mr. Beverley Nichols, *A Pilgrim's Progress,* for the good reason that, as a reviewer, I like to follow advice once given to me as a man. "Never argue about religion," said a wise old schoolmaster. "In nine cases it 's all right. In the tenth you make an enemy for life." It is almost impossible to say anything useful about this book without arguing about religion, for it consists of a series of bird's-eye views of contemporary Christian sects. I mean bird's-eye—and not the contemplative blinking view of the owl but the quick, impudent but piercing view of the sparrow. Mr. Nichols looks in at Canterbury and a country vicarage, meets the Spiritualists, a psychic healer and the Christian Scientists. He admires some aspect of Salvation Army work, and is astonished by an organisation called the National Union of Protestants. He is dismayed by Jehovah's Witnesses ; he finds Welsh religion grandly musical and Scottish religion grandly stark. He finds it odd that Catholics should believe in eternal damnation and papal infallibility. Finally he returns to the Church of England and is distressed by its poverty, dismisses the Oxford Groupers in a few acidly telling paragraphs, and closes without any very explicit conclusions. Mr. Nichols writes often with passionate sincerity, and one feels that his attempts to weigh evidence were honestly made and his wish to see the best in each of the religious persuasions he visited wholly laudable. But for me, I am afraid, the book's first quality is that it is entertaining—richly, invariably and nearly always intentionally so.

MR. JOHN BETJEMAN'S new book, *First and Last Loves,* is in the best sense a miscellany, a selection made from his writings on topographical and architectural subjects. Yet there is a sort of continuity here, for the author's personal taste, wide knowledge and high spirits run through it like a thread and inform what might have been too technical or guide-bookish with a brilliance that shines through his descriptions of buildings or his life-stories of architects. Take this passage on one of the Victorian architectural styles : "The Classic Survival is like a grand after-dinner speech, full of wisdom and elegant oratory. It goes with the port and brandy and the leather armchairs and the great velvet curtains of the London and provincial clubs and the station hotel. But the young men are not listening. They have turned from Greece and Rome to their own island, to chancel, screen and organ loft, to reredos and stoup." Or this about Weymouth : "The sands and the bands and the bathing and the climate are all fine. But to see Georgian Weymouth going jazzy, to see arcades of pin-tables, blaring with electric-lights and synthetic music, while the sun shines and the waves sparkle outside, to see hideous new buildings in white tiles jammed up against old brick and Portland stone, is rather like seeing an old woman in a dress too young for her." The book is full of such passages. I would like to see it made Compulsory Reading for every local government official.

Authors of To-day

I. EVELYN WAUGH

Evelyn Waugh was born in Hampstead in 1903, the second son of Arthur Waugh, who was a contributor to *The Yellow Book*, an essayist and a publisher. He was educated at Lancing and Hertford College, Oxford, and, like many other writers, he taught in a private school for a time. His first novel, *Decline and Fall*, was published in 1928 and he followed it with nine years of travel which included the Arctic, tropical America and Abyssinia. He became a Roman Catholic in 1930. He was commissioned in the Royal Marines in 1939 and had a varied war service, including membership of the British Military Mission to Jugoslavia in 1944. He is married, has six children and lives at Piers Court, Gloucestershire, where he collects books. His novels include *Decline and Fall* (1928), *Vile Bodies* (1930), *Black Mischief* (1932), *A Handful of Dust* (1934), *Scoop* (1938), *Put Out More Flags* (1942), *Brideshead Revisited* (1945), *Scott-King's Modern Europe* (1946), *The Loved One* (1948), *Helena* (1950), *Men at Arms* (1952).

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE LAST YEARS OF NIJINSKY.
By Romola Nijinsky. (*Gollancz ; 15s.*)
The story of Nijinsky's life since 1919, when he was declared insane, told by his wife, who remained with him through the difficult years till his death in 1950.

THE PATH BY THE WINDOW.
By Adrian Bell. (*Bodley Head ; 9s. 6d.*)
A warmly affectionate book about country life.

TO THE BULLFIGHT.
By John Marks. (*Verschoyle ; 7s. 6d.*)
English tourists in Spain almost invariably see at least one bullfight, whatever their moral judgment of it may be. This excellent handbook will enable them to understand what they see.

A BOOK OF FLOWERS.
By Edith Sitwell. (*Macmillan ; 18s.*)
An anthology of passages in prose and poetry, including some old recipes for perfumes and cordials.

THE LYCEUM.
By A. E. Wilson. (*Yates ; 18s.*)
A well-illustrated history of an old London theatre.

SUPPLEMENT TO COMPLETE BOOK OF BALLETS.
By Cyril W. Beaumont. (*Putnam ; 21s.*)
A continuation and extension of the author's previous and very successful book.

THE AMBITIOUS COOK.
By Frances Dale. (*Lehmann ; 30s.*)
A helter-skelter enthusiastic book, full of asides and interpolations, but containing a sound core of useful information. Miss Dale is neither a hidebound traditionalist nor a self-consciously original innovator. A great deal of her material is new, but she knows the value of the classical recipe. She is particularly imaginative and lucid on the decoration and garnishing of food.

ICE-CREAM DISHES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.
By Gretel Beer. (*Jenkins ; 3s. 6d.*)
Comprehensive, practical and authoritative.

Lucifer

Kathleen

Isobel

SIN, CHASTITY AND ARROGANT SENSUALITY

On the left is Epstein's famous fallen *Lucifer*, who has landed in the Tate Gallery, where his brassy impact on the beholders is as violent as ever, no matter how often they have seen him. The sense of sin has been greatly diluted in our age of violence, but in most people there still lurks a keen reaction to " Lucifer, Lucifer, how art thou fallen ? ", and even without that ancient association, the beautiful Lucifer of Epstein is implicit with the sadness of magnificent evil. *Top-right* is *Kathleen*, plainly a respectable young lady, loaned by Mrs. Edward Hulton ; *below*, *Isobel*, loaned by the City of Kingston-upon-Hull, contentedly flaunts her animal magnetism, blissfully devoid of thought or principle. The bronzes of Epstein are among the most emotional of any ; his subjects are possessed by the Furies rather than pursued by them, and from the Pandit Nehru to Somerset Maugham the genius of the subjects throbs more vividly from the bronzes than it ever could from the flesh. The exhibition remains on view at the Tate until October 18.

SEPT. 15 AND THEN ON . . . The Mediterranean Fleet was in at Barcelona, and here is the Naval Attaché in Madrid, Commander Willy Segrave, with Lady Doverdale and M. Bolboski, who is Polish.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

(ON THE SPANISH COAST)

SEPT. 15.—On the gloriously hot and panting coast of Spain there were gay times when the Mediterranean Fleet was in, making that eternal, admired whoopee. On Sept. 15 there arrived at Barcelona the aircraft-carrier *Glory*, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral F. R. Parham, Flag Officer Flotillas, Mediterranean; the destroyers *Chequers*, *Chieftain* and *Chevron* were there. *Chequers* was the destroyer on which the Duke of Edinburgh served as No. I. In the evening a very gay party was given by the Consul-General and Mrs. McClelland at the Ritz Hotel. There was the Admiral, a most delightful person, and his Flag Lieutenant, Clive MacIntyre, who has just become engaged to the Admiral's ward, Elizabeth Bradburne. Also there were Commander Willy Segrave, Naval Attaché in Madrid, with his pretty wife, Ann; Lady Doverdale, who had come into Barcelona from Sitges, where she has been spending part of the summer; Charles Webb, *The Times* correspondent in Barcelona, and, among notable Spaniards, Senor Jorge Mata, the Marquesa de Castell-florite, wife of the President of the Deputation, Senora Javier Villavechia, Senor Krein and officers representing the Spanish Navy and Army.

SEPT. 16.—Commanders John Lyon (First Lieut., *The Glory*) and Peter Day (Defence Officer) went out to Sitges and lunched with David and Louise Fellowes at their attractive little villa on the San Sebastian beach. In the evening, another very successful party was given by Vice-Consul Blackwell and his wife at their flat in Barcelona.

SEPT. 17.—The Ambassador, Sir John Balfour, arrived back from London where he had been spending a short holiday. The British colony in Barcelona gave a party in his honour at the Copa Cabana. Earlier in the day, at Sitges once more, we met meteorological expert, Peter Snell, and Chief Deck Officer John Blunden, who is responsible for safe landings aboard the *Glory*. They found a peaceful place in the sun themselves in which to bathe and relax.

SEPT. 18.—It was very exciting aboard the *Glory* and a marvellous tour all over the carrier disclosed at least thirty-five Sea *Furies* and *Fireflies*, some up on the vast flight-deck and some down below in the hangars. It all seemed to be on a very large scale, but the *Glory* is said to be one of our smallest carriers. In the evening the Ambassador and Lady Balfour gave a really lovely party at the Avenida Palace. The Spanish Admiral Cervera was there and the Mayor of Barcelona, Senor de

. . . UNTIL SEPT. 19. There were parties every night until the jolly Jack tars and their superiors sailed away from bereft Barcelona. *Left:* The Spanish Admiral Cervera in discussion with his opposite number in the Army, both being encouraged by an animated lady friend. *Right:* Sir John Balfour, the British Ambassador, and Lady Balfour, *in centre*, in the mad whirl of welcoming guests at the reception they gave at Avenida Palace.

SEPT. 22.—CARMEN EN FÊTE. When the Worshipful Company of Carmen, a City institution with a long tradition, had a dinner at the Mansion House, the many people there included, *l. to r., left picture*, the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, Hon. Chaplain, followed by the Lady Mayoress, Lady Boyce, with the Master, Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Williams; the Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce, and Lady Williams. *Right picture, l. to r.*, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Dennis Truscott; Mrs. Truscott; the Lady Mayoress, Lady Boyce; the Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce; the Master, Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Williams; Lady Williams, Mrs. Harman and Mr. Alderman and Sheriff C. J. Harman at the reception before the dinner.

Casanova ; also the Marques de Castell-florite and Senor Acedo, chief of the Civil Service in Barcelona, Commander Willy Segrave, Lady Doverdale and Lady Balfour.

SEPT. 19.—There was a final party on the *Glory* at which everyone's hospitality was splendidly returned before the Fleet sailed for Malta ; from there the *Glory* goes to Korea, wished all good luck and a good journey by the many in Spain who had enjoyed the parties and regretted the end of them.

SEPT. 19.—While one lot of musically-minded people stood in an endless queue for the Albert Hall, another lot took life more comfortably at Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Comacho's charming Queen's Gate flat where *Peko*, a small but determined Pekinese, remained firmly curled up in the middle of the red-carpeted floor and defied the steadily-increasing number of guests to disturb her siesta. Mr. Comacho is the well-known Jamaican singer. With half-closed eyes and outstretched hands, he sang several of his old favourites. Mr. Boris Hambourg also contributed to the musical atmosphere of this jolly party by playing the 'cello. Others there were Mr. John Meadows Marsh, Q.C., over from Canada, Lady Helen Nutting, Sir Gerald Hargreaves and Lord Stamp. Mr. Carlos Suazo brought his sparkling little wife, and Mr. Lawrence Bradshaw, the sculptor, was having a long talk with Princess Irene Wiszniewska.

SEPT. 20.—In Essex, dancing persisted until three in the morning in a drawing-room made "cushy" by dark red brocade curtains and sofa and chair-covers ; it was the twenty-eighth birthday party of Mr. Edmund Ironside, only son of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside. The hostess, Mrs. Edmund Ironside, was Miss Audrey Morgan Grenville before her marriage in 1950 and had a gay twenty-first birthday party earlier this year. For the dance at her new home, Brick Bridge House, she wore a pink tulle crinoline, embroidered in silver.

The host's mother, Lady Ironside, was there ; also Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker, who brought a party which included Mr. Charles Hardy and Miss Julie Pinckney, who wore a grey tulle dress gay with black sequins. Among the other guests were Miss Veronica Stourton, Miss Ann Denison-Pender, Lord Pender's daughter, with her fiancé, Mr. Robin Dent ; Mrs. Rennie O'Mahoney, Mr. Robert de Stacpoole, Mr. David Reynolds and Mr. John and Mr. Robert Carr-Ellison. Miss Bridget Devereux, Lord Hereford's sister, who was staying in the house, wore an ankle-length pink organza dress ; the darling little house was crammed to its very edges with eager guests.

SEPT. 26.—All the pictures on this page are of the gay young who scrummed happily at the ball given by the La Fiesta Club at 10, Cadogan Gardens, hired-out home of Walter Fitzgerald the actor. This splendid (though decorous) rout opened the Club's winter season which plots to keep the young in their dancing shoes at the lowest possible cost. Gaiety, the most elusive mood of all, has become nostalgically associated with the twenties, but it is also the prerogative of youth, and the La Fiesta does its best, very successfully, to dish it up at *really* reasonable prices : a long and lovely night out at 6s. a head seems as good a bargain as anyone could expect.

SEPT. 26.—LA FIESTA CLUB'S AUTUMN BALL. *Left :* Miss Pamela Francis and Mr. G. E. Dawson-Grove discuss the merits of the Club, which was formed with the idea of providing social gaiety for young people at a reasonable cost. *Right :* Dr. Diana Irland-Jones, Dr. C. Bartley, Miss Frances Dunlop and Mr. Patrick Spooner, who is chairman of La Fiesta Club.

"BUBBLY" AFOOT. As the evening progressed, the narrow staircases became packed with dancers in need of rest and refreshment. Miss Tampra Preln and Mr. David Cornell shared a bottle of champagne.

NEWLY-WEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Haden-West arrived back from their honeymoon in Cornwall just in time for the ball, which was at Mr. Walter Fitzgerald's Chelsea house.

SAY WHEN ! Mr. Edward Kalfayan pours something stimulating for Miss June Verity. About 200 people crowded into Mr. Fitzgerald's house, which had all the atmosphere of a jolly private party.

BREATHING-SPACE. Securely settled on a gaily-striped window-seat, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Nullis were lucky in finding a temporarily unoccupied corner in one of the sitting-rooms.

JUST ROOM FOR TWO. With a pretty fringed shawl to keep any possible draughts off her shoulders and cherries decorating her waist, Mrs. J. Armstrong sits out with her husband.

SEPT. 26.—RECEIVING FOR NEW ZEALAND. The High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr. F. W. Doidge, gave a reception in honour of Lieut.-General Lord Freyberg and Lady Freyberg. Here are Mr. Attlee shaking hands with the H.C.: beside him stands Mrs. Doidge; Mrs. Attlee is greeted by Lord Freyberg, Lady Freyberg on the right.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

SEPT. 26.—A charming little party in Chelsea was given by Isobel Strachey, the novelist, whose last, excellently-reviewed book was *The Younger Sister*. Among people there were Mrs. Lowry-Corry, one of the beautiful sisters of Mrs. Henry Yorke, whose famous husband writes under the name of Henry Green; Mr. Milo Cripps, son of Mrs. Freddie Cripps; Mr. Namos Valoritas, the Greek poet; Mr. Michael Rutherstun, Mr. Francis Wyndham, Mr. Jeremy Scott, son of the writer and wine authority; and Mr. Robert Constable-Maxwell, of Bosworth Hall, at Husbands Bosworth, in Leicestershire, where there are many lovely family pictures, including Van Dycks. Mrs. Strachey has just finished a new novel. One of the floors of her tall house in Oakley Street is let to Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter, another, as a studio, to Mr. Leonard Byng, the clever young sculptor who married Lady Mary Anne Stuart in 1945.

SEPT. 28.—The Degas bronze of all time stands in the fourth position defying criticism; little Miss *Ballet Dancer of Fourteen Years* plainly could be the pride of St. Trinian's if she weren't too grand; she has preferred to flaunt her filthy tarlatan skirt in the Tate Gallery, where two of the most rousing and lovely exhibitions for years are to be seen: Epstein in one room and Degas in another, the latter straight from its appearance at the Edinburgh Festival. Proud Lucifer touching down after his long journey from Heaven is reproduced on another page, with two of the wonderful busts of women; the famous couple of African slaves are there and many other treasures, old and newer, in which character is shown with the violence and clarity of which only Epstein is capable. In a glass case are some of his fascinating small works: formidable women writing in miniature. From Degas we have, of course, some charming ballet dancers and women washing themselves; the bronzes, apart from the prodigious little girl, are mostly tiny—horses jumping or grazing and dancers morbidly examining their feet. Among the pictures *The Wild Boar* is an interesting study of savagery in a pastoral scene; *A Dead Fox Under Trees* gloriously sad and woodland.

OCT. 1.—Peopled by the fantasy figures of Barbara Hepworth the Lefevre Gallery was like a dream world. Real people mingled with her tall creations, but it was they who dominated the party given to launch her exhibition. It would have been pleasant if, instead of being merely figures (standing, solitary, in flight, recumbent, etc.), they could have names and even titles—the

SEPT. 26.—KISSING A ROYAL HAND. When Queen Juliana of the Netherlands lately made a tour of the agricultural area of Frieseland her hand was loyally kissed by the queen of the prize herd of cows on one of the farms she visited.

SEPT. 26.—RACING IN THE RAIN. At Perth Hunt races in the photograph on the left are Major David Butter, Lady Margaret Tennant and Lady Anne Lumley. On the right, *l. to r.*, are Miss A. Drummond-Hay, Miss Joanna Grant, Miss J. Drummond-Hay, Mr. J. Stewart-Stevens and Mr. R. Parker-Jarvis.

SEPT. 27.—WEDDING IN WALES. Mr. Robert Anthony Carmichael Hamilton, the Master of Belhaven, is the only son of Lord Belhaven and Stenton; he married Miss Elizabeth Anne Moseley from New South Wales, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. H. Moseley, at St. Mary's Priory Church, Usk.

Two Figures (*man and woman*) should certainly be a Duke and Duchess. All the right words can be applied to Miss Hepworth herself—"modest, unassuming, charming," and lots of personality as well. Artists and their critics were there by the score, including Mr. Herbert Read, who has written the preface to her book.

We went on to 17, Cadogan Place, where a cake with pink icing and two candles was ceremoniously cut to celebrate the second birthday of "John": the catering firm which is staffed by ex-public school men. John himself—Mr. John Cawston—was at Downside, after which he became Sergeant-Footman to the Lord Mayors of London, following this with many different jobs, as he has always made it his object to accumulate as much experience as possible: rolling stones, while spurning moss, get to know their way about, and Mr. Cawston has certainly made the most of his life. He has been chauffeur, valet, cinema attendant, butler, footman and waiter; he has carried sandwich boards around London and been an usher in a theatre in New York; he has ridden a tricycle selling ice-cream, run his own dry-cleaning business, toured Canada twice and acted as an extra on the London stage.

Among people enjoying the excellent drinks and discreet lighting were Sir George and Lady Rendel—he is the late Ambassador to Yugoslavia—Sir Frederick and Lady Wells, formerly Lord and Lady Mayoress; Sir Harold and Lady Hood, Lady Waterlow, Lady Ebbisham, Judge and Mrs. Alyn Pugh, and General and Mrs. F. J. Loftus-Tottenham. With a broken ankle—and a perfectly splendid hat—was Dr. Ford. Colonel and Mrs. R. G. Triggs were there; their daughter, Miss Felicity Triggs, is a chauffeur on John's staff, and she was arriving later for the staff party which followed our treat.

The Prior of Ealing, Father Charles Pontifex, proposed the health of the host and his firm; Mr. Nigel Buxton is writing the biography of Mr. Cawston, whose father has the distinction of having introduced ostriches to California from South Africa.

Last call was at the Irving Theatre Club for a ten-thirty performance of *Just Lately*, a splendidly satirical production which makes fine fun of everything from politics to current plays, *Quadrille* among them. It is written by John Climie, and among the performers are Rosalind Haddon, Joan Simms, Charles Ross, Geoffrey Herbert and Vivian Pickles. Among young chaps about town enjoying this late night final were the Messrs. James Hartley and Roger Jamieson.

OCT. 2.—Still pending, and breathlessly awaited since the New Year, is the Trafalgar Fair on October 21 at 6, Stanhope Gate. It is to be opened at 11.30 by Princess Marie Louise; Lord Nelson is president and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys chairman. It is in aid of the British Sailors' Society, and there will be stalls of every conceivable kind, including the inevitable White Elephant one; also an exhibition of Nelson and Trafalgar relics.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

SEPT. 28.—REFLECTIONS FROM THE EAST. On the left is the Duchess of Kent, lovely in cool clothes; beside her the Ruler of Bahrain, Sheikh Sir Sulman Bin Hamad Alkhalifah; next, the young Duke of Kent and then Mr. T. Wall, political agent.

SEPT. 30.—SCOTLAND, IRELAND, ST. MARTIN'S AND PARK LANE. On the left Miss Vera Pelham-Burn clutches train and lilies at St.-Martin-in-the-Fields, where she married Major Hugh McGildowny; on the right, among her many bridesmaids, she gaily brandishes the bouquet. She is the daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. Pelham-Burn, of Craigellachie Lodge, Banffshire; he is the High Sheriff of County Antrim.

Leoni and two of his chefs have a careful consultation planning the menu. Ezio Francini (*right*) has been with Leoni for twenty-five years.

Two people who have been dropping in to *Quo Vadis* for many years on their visits to London are Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, from Cambridgeshire—they have become old friends of Leoni's.

Raffaello Leonardo (*right*), Leoni's son, who works in the restaurant, was specially named after two great artists in the hope that he would become one himself. He will—if he follows in father's footsteps!

Cheisa, another "veteran" who has been with Leoni for a quarter of a century, pauses for a moment to talk with Mr. A. Bede Harrower.

WHERE TO EAT WELL: by Lucullus

1. LEONI'S "QUO VADIS"

IN inaugurating this series of articles on London restaurants where good food is to be had, let me make it clear at once that the "cheap little place in Soho" is a legend. Indeed, it was a legend before the war, with the solitary exception of the charming little Ristorante del Commercio, kept by the Prevedinis, a favourite haunt of Foreign Office officials, and now, alas, no more.

Restaurant prices are roughly three or four times greater than they were pre-war—due partly to the Catering Wages Act, partly to the shortage of chefs (so that those who *are* good can demand almost any price they like), partly to the rise in the cost of crockery, table linen, cutlery, etc., and, to a much lesser extent, to the rise in the cost of raw materials—*i.e.*, food and wine. Restaurateurs deplore this as, like so many other business men, they find themselves ground between the nether mill stone of ever-rising costs and the upper mill stone of clients for whom money is becoming ever tighter.

Still, there is nothing to be done about it, but would-be lunchers and diners-out must realise that, like everything else in this modern world of ours, it is an expensive game, with only comparatively few shillings separating the best from the worst restaurants, and that if they wish to enjoy good food and good wine, they must be prepared to pay for it.

I have chosen as the first restaurant in this series Leoni's *Quo Vadis* Restaurant, in Dean Street, partly because of its excellence, partly because of its cheapness, but mostly for personal reasons. Most of us are creatures of habit, and I have been going to Leoni's with the exception of the war years, when it was closed, since 1927. In those days it consisted of a single room which early became the haunt of people who liked good food and personal attention, and of the artists who decorated the walls with their productions, the latter, somewhat optimistically in some cases, offered for sale. (One picture remained there to my certain knowledge for at least twenty years.) Now the restaurant has grown and expanded, but other changes have been slight.

Leoni's son, Raffaello Leonardo, who appears in one of the accompanying pictures, I remember as a little boy scarcely able to walk, and Cheisa, his right-hand man, has acquired, like the writer, a few grey hairs with the passing of the years. But the excellence of the cooking

A general view of the main restaurant showing the central serving table over which Leoni himself presides. Lively pictures on the walls and friendly, animated waiters give the place a delightful atmosphere.

and the personal interest of Leoni himself, which extends from a five-o'clock-in-the-morning visit to the markets to a word for every guest, and himself cooking a dish which he feels merits the attention of his *expertise*, remain unchanged.

The other night when I dined there we had a menu which opened with cantaloup melon. This was followed by *Truite à la San Michel.* This is a dish I most warmly recommend, mainly for the hot sauce which gives its name to the dish, into which goes (in proportions which Leoni will give to privileged clients) yolks of eggs, butter, lemon, two mushrooms, one truffle, salt, cayenne pepper and a tablespoon of water. The fish itself is fried, parmesan cheese being used in place of breadcrumbs, but its excellence is balanced by the nobility of that sauce. Here let me urge that where there is a fine sauce, there should be no nonsense about Victorian gentility. Use that fork and that piece of bread, and see that there is not a trace left on your plate at the end of your mopping-up operation! A *Supreme de Volaille Yolanda* which followed it, breast of chicken done in parmesan cheese with asparagus tips on top, together with *courgettes frites*—young stuffed marrows and *haricots verts provençales*—that is to say, beans cooked whole with tomatoes and onions (highly delicious).

Meanwhile—and I should perhaps have mentioned this before—we had been drinking (after a gin and that sweet *white* Italian vermouth which I have for years found so agreeable, though it is still not well enough known in this country), a bottle of Sabioncella Secco. This wine, which is bottled in hock bottles, is grown on Cannero, Lago Maggiore, on slopes under the windows of Leoni's own birthplace. I cannot recommend it too highly. It is not, of course, a great wine. No Italian wines are, in the French or German sense of the term, but it has a pleasant bouquet which has something in it of the floweriness of an Alsatian wine, combined with dryness and no little body. I definitely count this wine as a discovery.

The *Supreme de Volaille* was followed by *Fraises et Framboises Verbanella*—strawberries and raspberries done with orange and Maraschino, and we wound up with coffee and that excellent Italian liqueur aurum.

Altogether a delightful evening.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

After spending a busy morning collecting for charity (*l. to r.*), Joan Knight, Audrey Winter, Jean Holland, Pat Odell, Bridget Hutchison and (*standing*) Pamela Hatton called in for lunch.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Hanging Judge
(*New*)

I AM now desperately seeking membership of the Adelphi Club. Don't tell me that you do not know it. Everyone must know of it. It is the London club in which, so we assume, the fate of the land is settled. Parliament may think that it has a share in the business. Well, let it think so. No harm done, though it seems to me that everything must begin, over a glass of sherry, in that bland, leathery alcove of the Adelphi, the alcove where—according to Guy Sheppard's set—actors of the past look down from the wall upon the dramas below them, and Theatre and Life are joined.

Wait! In *Hanging Judge*, which opens in the Adelphi alcove, Theatre joins Theatre. Indeed, it is long since we have had a more flamboyantly theatrical play. It is all in the grand, have-at-you manner, several sizes larger than life. I wonder now and then, a shade uncomfortably, if Raymond Massey does not mean us to treat this as more than entertainment; to observe the effect upon Sir Francis Brittain, a Judge of the High Court, when he is arraigned for murder. But the sheer excitement of the thing disperses any psychological speculation. Brittain himself has always worn the black cap grimly; he has refused to credit such an emotion as panic; when he sums up on a capital charge, no prisoner has the benefit of the doubt, and no jury has found otherwise. Now Brittain himself is in peril. True, he has not committed the crime; but his position is dire and the circumstantial evidence overwhelming; he is an unpopular man, whose name, for many people, can be inscribed only upon asbestos. What then will happen to him at Norwich Assizes?

Brittain, it appears to us—and Mr. Massey's rendering of Bruce Hamilton's novel is technically bold—reaches the dock straight from the alcove in the Adelphi Club. True, he leads his double life—few judges indulge in this, I believe—somewhere in Norfolk; true, it is there that he suddenly finds before him the body of his son. But it is from the Adelphi Club that his fall begins; it is from the Club that he is forced farther and farther down; and it is the Club that is our listening-post for many of the later events. If now I can find a proposer and seconder . . .

Possibly I should say here, in a mild whisper, that hardly anything we are shown upon the stage of the New Theatre is remotely plausible. It is the kind of play we tear holes in at supper, shred more thoroughly at breakfast, and toss away finally before next day's luncheon. And how wrong this is! While the play is in progress we have no temptation to sift and shred. Excitedly, we follow the story for the story's sake; towards the end we are sitting forward just as filmgoers, long ago, used to sit forward during the race between the train and the motor-car in—wasn't it?—*Intolerance*. Absurd, incredible: maybe, but after three hours of theatrical banqueting I do not want to bite the hand that has fed me. Raymond Massey feeds an audience generously, and he has Sir Godfrey Tearle to escort Brittain from club to cell. This is a massively-controlled performance matched perfectly to the play. And most of the other actors in an almost entirely male cast have the right idea. I have no room for a catalogue: let me mention John Robinson, who may have almost too strong a flourish-and-flaunt, but who is, nevertheless, right not to underplay. The piece must be (and is) projected strongly, though, I think, Michael Powell has been unwise to require some of his actors to project themselves from far back in the crannies of a multiple set.

At the last, since, after all, I am doing some mild hand-biting, why not a Trial Scene? It would give me the ripest satisfaction—speaking purely from a theatrical point of view—to see Sir Godfrey Tearle in the dock. Rather that than the present jury scenes which are not the richest in the Hamilton-Massey text. And now to seek my proposer. I wonder if, perhaps, the Home Secretary . . . ?

MISS JILL CLIFFORD

Miss Jill Clifford.

Over the title "In Sultry Mood," in the September 24 issue of *The Sketch* we published a striking photograph of actress Jill Clifford but unfortunately described her as Eva Bartok—a stupid mistake for which we apologise but which was made in good faith, the portrait having been supplied to us by the J. Arthur Rank Organisation and wrongly identified by them. The confusion arose through the fact that Jill Clifford has a part in the film *Venetian Bird*, in which Eva Bartok is starred, and which opens at the Leicester Square Theatre to-morrow (October 9).

Second Threshold
(*Vaudeville*)

SOME American dramatists do not "travel." The late Philip Barry was in this plight. Few of his plays found a real welcome here; and the posthumous *Second Threshold*, revised by Robert E. Sherwood, is likely to depend upon the personal drive of its leading actor for any success it may have. Clive Brook is dominating; he acts as incisively as he speaks; his words ring out as if newly-sharpened by a hidden grindstone. But even Mr. Brook cannot get me to take this piece: it is pretentiously over-written. Here, in brief, is an American politician who has retired from Washington to his New York house, contemplating suicide; he chats to the presumed shadow of Death in his garden, and thinks about hunting in the mountains of Tennessee and guns that go off by accident. His complaint is described as "spiritual malaise."

Actually, we find, it is a matter of possessiveness. His daughter proposes to marry in England a man of the same age and type as himself. Hence all the trouble in Josiah's West Tenth Street library on a hot July day. I guessed early that Josiah would not go a-hunting; and the evening's only pleasure was in the performances: in Mr. Brook's vigour and his sharp phrasing, in Margaret Johnston at emotional gale-force (but she badly needs a play), in Patricia Owens's sweetie from Boston, and in two unobtrusive contributions by William Sylvester as a young doctor, and Derek Blomfield as Josiah's son.

Present and Future

Yvonne Arnaud's next part will be in *Dear Charles*, a comedy which Alan Melville has adapted for the English stage from *Les Enfants d'Edouard*. Miss Arnaud will be the witty mother of three grown-up children whose lives are governed by admiration.

GERSHWIN'S OPERA

Many will remember the impact of *Porgy*, Dorothy and DuBose Heyward's Negro play of Catfish Row on the Charleston waterfront. In 1935 George Gershwin made an opera of it under the name of *Porgy and Bess*. It is this opera that at last we are to hear in London. It opens to-morrow (October 9) at the Stoll, with William Warfield and Leontyne Price.

JAMES AND SMITH

I have written before of Dodie Smith's version of a Henry James story which, in the theatre, is called *Letter From Paris*. It comes to the Aldwych this Friday (October 10) with Brenda Bruce, Nicholas Hannen, Nicholas Phipps and Maxine Audley.

LORD ARTHUR

The oddest thing in the autumn season is the sudden rush of dramatisations of *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*—that Oscar Wilde jest. One began at the Royal Court last night, and now, at the Arts (October 23), we are to have a second version. The third play is an amateur effort by Eric J. Batson, the hon. secretary of the Shaw Society.

GETTING AROUND

Hugh Wakefield, Sophie Stewart, Joyce Heron and Ian Hunter are touring in Michael Clayton Hutton's new play, *Dead Secret*. . . . Peggy Ashcroft is back in *The Deep Blue Sea* at the Duchess. . . . The run of *The River Line* has been extended at the Lyric, Hammersmith. . . . A mime revue called *Never a Word* arrives at the Fortune on October 23.

Also on View

I AM putting the next three plays together because students of American University life may like to examine them all. In *The Troublemakers*, by George Bellak, at the Strand, an unpopular student is killed in a political "witch-hunt," and one of his room-mates strives, unavailingly, to see justice done. This is both tough and taut: Gene Lyons has flames coming out of his top from curtain-rise, and the piece has a genuine hustling power.

It is some way from this to *Love From Judy* (Saville), where the Ladies' College seems to specialise in skipping-rope hornpipes and not much else. Here, surprisingly, is Jean Webster's *Daddy Long-legs*. Surprisingly, because not much of the book is left, though we do see the John Grier Home, and Judy Abbott, the red-haired orphan, duly moves on her conquering journey towards the heart of Jervis Pendleton. Hugh Martin has written a brisk, noisy score; the production is a spirited, if slightly derivative, romp, with Jean Carson likeably on the path from blue gingham to white satin; and the piece (if not for serious students of university life) should run. At present it canters.

In *Two Loves I Have* . . . (Arts), Dorothy and Howard Baker, again in an American University town, deal sincerely with a trying emotional entanglement between two women. In this piece the good angel is a young student played with a quiet charm and resolution by Michael Gwynn. His opponent is a neurotic creature for whom Sonia Dresdel finds a glittering venom. Elizabeth Henson, the other girl, reaches the heart in a clear, simple performance. By no means a necessary play, but at times theatrically powerful.

Colour transparency by Cecil Beaton.

LADIES BETWEEN CURTAINS

Almost supporters of a coat of arms, these aristocratic Coward ladies support each other and their life of ease amidst a generous scatter of Cecil Beaton background: a scene from *Quadrille* at the Phœnix Theatre. We have on the left a Marchioness in full feather—Lynn Fontanne as Lady Heronden—charmingly patronising her friend, a mere Lady Harriet, delightfully played by Joyce Carey, who has hatefully called with the news that the noble Marquis is just nipping off on still another love-affair. As Lady Heronden, so confident in her frills, is secretly planning to elope (bygone word) with Axel Diensen (played by Alfred Lunt), she is as gay as anything, to the amazement of her friend.

MARUJA THE

From the painting by Sir W

Reproduced by courtesy of the Art Gallery and Museum, Rochdale.

HE STRONG

William Russell Flint, R.A.

Colour transparency by Karsh.

BIOGRAPHER OF
KING GEORGE THE FIFTH

The Hon. Harold Nicolson, one of our most distinguished writers and critics, received unanimous praise from reviewers and public alike for his recent brilliant biography of King George V., which dealt with the public life of one of our best-loved monarchs.

Mr. Nicolson, a brother of Lord Carnock, married the Hon. Vita Sackville-West, well-known writer, and they have two sons. He began his career in the Diplomatic Service and entered the Foreign Office in 1909, retiring from the Service in 1929, when he joined the editorial staff of the *Evening Standard*; since then he has done a great many interesting things. He was invested with the C.M.G. in 1920.

NEWEST DEPARTURE

Barbara Hepworth, our greatest woman sculptor, describes her latest work as an entirely new departure. It is the first time she has concentrated on figures, grouping of figures and figures in landscape. She has evolved these, in wood and stone, from her own preliminary drawings, seen on the wall behind her. All are being exhibited at the Lefevre Gallery until October 25. From *left to right* the sculptures are: (*top*) *Figure in Landscape*; (*below*) *Conversation*; (*centre*) *Image*; (*right*) *Head*. In private life Barbara Hepworth is the wife of Ben Nicholson, the painter. A new book, "Carvings and Drawings," which illustrates her career, is to be published on November 5.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

by Cyril Butcher

HEAVEN forfend that we should plunge deeply into the dangerous waters of the Senator Nixon controversy with its ever-widening circles of ramifications. But it cannot do any harm to paddle a little in the shallows round the edge. For television has played a very important part and it is with this that we are concerned.

The response to the Senator's broadcast has been staggering. The Republican headquarters, we read, has been receiving letters and telegrams to the tune of well over 2,000,000, crushingly in his favour. So we hope that all will be well in the end.

But from our point of view, the significant thing is that Senator Nixon was able to clear his name largely through the medium of television. The American citizen had the opportunity of *seeing* the man for himself as well as hearing what he had to say. It was not a case of holding a Press conference, capable of a dozen different interpretations, nor of a carefully scripted radio speech in which listeners could be fooled by tricks of oratory. It was one man literally facing a continent, with every twitch of a muscle, every shift of an eye and every inner feeling laid bare before the public. Well, the American prides himself on being a good judge of character. He has summed up in the Senator's favour.

There is a grimmer side to this happy state of affairs as well. It is that it should have cost something like £27,000 for a man to defend his honour and integrity. Admittedly in the States "time" is a valuable commodity, and the people who sell it expect to be paid for it. But one might be pardoned for thinking that such a vital issue—which could easily affect the destiny of the world—might have been granted less expensive facilities. But perhaps we had better mind our own business and keep to ankle depth.

Still, the precedent has been created for a man in a public position to make his *dementi* via television. It is a device which might well be adopted in this country. There have been many sensations in the past, revolving round one public figure. No doubt there will be many more; and if the issue is one which is vital to the country, we consider it will not only be the duty of the B.B.C. to grant that person facilities to justify himself to the public, but of that person to take advantage of them.

We had the misfortune to watch Norman MacOwan's play, *The Infinite Shoeblack*, from a set situated on the edge of the sea at Lancing. It is notoriously one of the black spots for television reception, and we feel that something should be done about it by the B.B.C. The area simply bristles with antennæ (complete with triple reflectors), which proves a loyalty to television that should be rewarded by a better service.

If our set was typical of the rest, we must conclude that the inhabitants permanently suffer from eyestrain and headaches. The picture was appalling. It jumped, it faded, it "framed"; all scenes appeared to be played in a snowstorm and every minute or so, bands of white sparks flew across the screen, accompanied by the most deafening cacophonies from the loud-speaker.

However, battered as we were, we could not help realising, at the end, that we had witnessed a great performance by one who might easily become the First Lady of Television: Yvonne Mitchell. Her range seems to be inexhaustible. In this play she began by being a hard-hearted siren, who believed in sin and luxury (with the most infuriating giggle we have ever heard), and ended as a poor Scotsman's wife, finding her soul in poverty and the agony of death.

A few days later we were back in London and to the near-perfect reception of our own set. Which was a good thing, for we would have hated to miss a moment of John Cranko's new ballet, *Dancing*. In it, he combined the classical form with the idioms of the modern ballroom, to produce a delicious satire on The Dance. He was well served by Naomi Capon, who produced the programme, and by his company of young dancers. Kenneth Macmillan is a dancer with a neat and facile technique which should carry him far, and Sonia Hana is already known to viewers for her impeccable work.

It is a pity that there have been so many prisoner-of-war plays within effortless memory. Otherwise we might have hailed *A Month of Sundays* as a little masterpiece. George F. Kerr certainly knows how to write and he etches his characters with well-defined outlines. But one prisoner-of-war camp in Germany must have been very like the next. So inevitably the plots arising out of them bear an unmistakable similarity; the preoccupation with escape, the effort of the inmates to retain their sense of proportion, and the clash of warring personalities. However, it was very well done. The production was by Stephen Harrison and of the cast we particularly remember Robin Bailey, Philip Guard, and Charles Hodgson.

We settled ourselves down to watch the first of Jeanne Heal's new series *Case Book* in a primly virtuous frame of mind, coupled with a certain amount of resentment. For the programme coincided with the sound broadcast of the now historic first Toscanini concert; and we were loath to miss a single note. However, sternly duty-bound, we switched off the horse-drawn radio and prepared to see what Miss Heal had to offer. It was more than we had bargained for. The subject of her first probe into the circumstances of problem people was an alcoholic who, though brutally frank about his own failing and that of his fellow sufferers, preferred to remain anonymous. The viewer never saw his face, but a brilliant shot of his hands, for ever on the move, showed the mental strain through which he was passing. Miss Heal conducted the interview with exquisite tact combined with utter frankness, but throughout that twenty minutes the tension grew as the tragic story unfolded itself. It was not a pleasant programme, nor even good television, but by the end one had lived through a tremendous experience. *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner.* If the remainder of *Case Book* keeps up this standard, a lot of us will learn to forgive.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

The Editor says we have to concentrate on *real* highlights. It isn't as easy as it seems, for the B.B.C. have a genius for understatement in their announcements. The highlights generally become obvious in transmission.

But it's a safe bet that Eric Fawcett's production of Leoncavallo's opera *Pagliacci*, on October 9 and 13, will linger in the memory. In fact, it is a re-do of the same production in 1950. Then it was considered to mark a new step in television presentation, and when Mr. Fawcett took the whole thing over to Paris it created a sensation.

In the cast are Graham Clifford, Arthur Servent, Eric Whitley, Eugenie Castle and John Cameron. The orchestra will be conducted by versatile Eric Robinson.

Other dates to note are October 12 and 16 for *Holiday in Berlin*, by James Parish and Tom Fallon; to-night (October 8) and the following three evenings for The Horse of the Year Show from Harringay Arena; and October 17 for *The Eye of the Gipsy*, by guitarist Freddie Phillips.

Principally for the Scottish viewer, Friday, the 10th, will be exciting. Part of the National Mod of Scotland (*the* Gaelic gathering) is to be televised from Rothesay.

Introducing . . .

I. MARY MALCOLM

OF course Mary Malcolm doesn't really need any introduction, and she's much better at that sort of thing than we are, anyway.

Mary is generally held to be the most serious-minded of the three regular announcers, and certainly there is no one to touch her when an item requiring solemnity and dignity has to be introduced. But *au fond* she has a delicious sense of humour which often causes her agonies of facial self-control when things go a little haywire in the studio.

Another thing about her is that she approaches her job in a thoroughly sensible and professional manner. She never gets flustered or indulges in vapours. To watch her make an announcement is a revelation. She just gives a glance at the synopsis of what she has to say, nods her head and goes to it unfalteringly. She refuses to work from a prepared script. "I always work off the cuff," she says. "Otherwise I couldn't be natural."

In her private life she is just as practical. She is bringing up her children as models of what little girls should be and firmly refuses to let them spend their entire lives in front of a television set.

"Of course I let them watch the children's programmes, but I insist that television shall only occupy them in the proper proportion to their other interests."

By the way, Mary Malcolm is a brilliant housekeeper, though, as she says: "I'm not really domesticated, and if I could afford a staff to do it for me, I wouldn't hesitate."

Mary Malcolm

Everyone knows that she is Lillie (the proper spelling) Langtry's granddaughter. I once asked Mary if she too had ever wanted to be an actress. "I started to train at the R.A.D.A.," she replied. "But then at eighteen I got married. Just as well, really. I probably would have been an even worse actress than Lillie Langtry and not half so beautiful."

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Barry Swaebe.

ALL SET ON THEIR VESPA

Miss Edwina Stanley and her fiancé, Mr. John Dawnay Innes, were photographed just before the announcement of their engagement last week. She is the only daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley and the former Lady Audrey Chetwynd-Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's sister; he is the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Innes, of Horringer Manor, Bury St. Edmunds. He sits for examinations in Chartered Accountancy in November and starts his National Service in May; the wedding is planned for New Year's Day, 1953.

Mrs. Legge and her two sons—Rupert (*left*) and William (*right*).

Reading aloud has always been a splendid thing done by mothers to children and Mrs. Legge does not shirk it, to the joy of William (*left*) and Rupert (*right*).

At Home to "The Sketch"

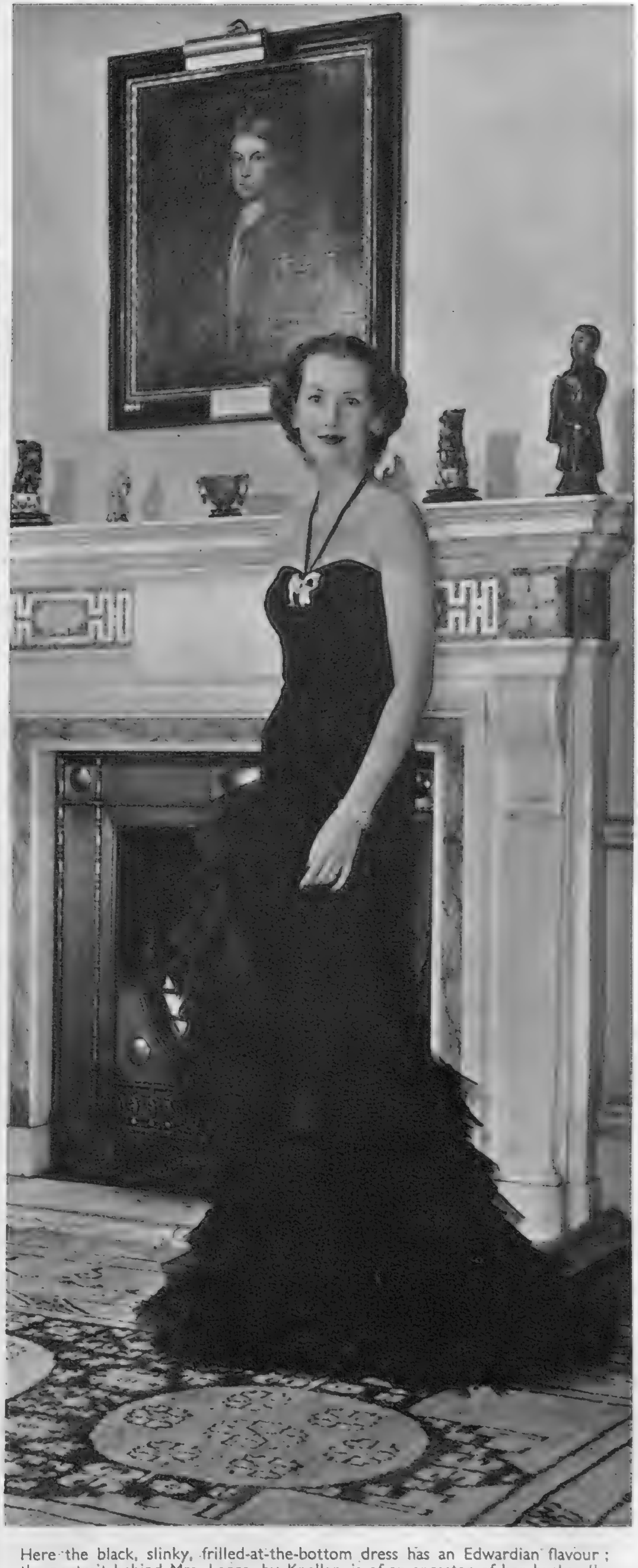
MRS. GERALD LEGGE

Mrs. Gerald Legge has the almost archaic reputation of being the best-dressed woman in England ; her beauty and chic would more than stand comparison with places farther off and inevitably smarter than our rugged island fortress. Before her marriage she was Miss Raine McCorquodale, daughter of the novelist, Barbara Cartland, and Mr. Alexander McCorquodale, whose home is in Wiltshire. Her house at 12, Chester Street, off Belgrave Square, is full of beautiful things and they have two young sons, William, aged three, and Rupert, who is one-and-three-quarters. Mr. Legge is the son of Commander the Hon. Humphry H. Legge, Chief Constable of Berkshire and heir presumptive to the Earl of Dartmouth.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Hurrah for visions of the open road, even if the tricycle is only so far being tested in the jolly nursery at 12, Chester Street, where Mrs. Legge demonstrates a toy gun, and a musical-box Teddy lolls on the sofa.

Below: Mrs. Legge smiles over her shoulder at a roomful of imaginary guests; she can wear clothes better than any professional model, and her lovely house makes a splendid setting for them.



Here the black, slinky, frilled-at-the-bottom dress has an Edwardian flavour; the portrait behind Mrs. Legge, by Kneller, is of an ancestor of her husband's, the Hon. Henry Bilson Legge, son of the first Earl of Dartmouth.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

by Louis T. Stanley

WHEN Rocky Marciano knocked out Jersey Joe Walcott in the thirteenth round he did more than sling a million-dollar punch: he ended fifteen years' monopoly of the world heavyweight title by coloured men. The break is welcome for, if the present tendency continues, it will soon be rare to have a white world champion at any weight. How long Marciano holds on to the title remains to be seen. He is a rugged fighter who has made the grade in a little over four years. Forty-three contests—thirty-eight inside the distance—without defeat stand to his credit. All-out attacking methods and exceptional stamina should stand him in good stead, for the list of possible challengers does not look outstanding. There is nobody of the stature of Joe Louis, who successfully defended the world title twenty-five times—a record that may never be beaten—whilst Marciano has nothing to worry about in England or Europe. Johnny Williams is a possible contender, but his name is well down the list, for which he should be thankful.

The fistic standard in this country, at present, is at a low ebb. There are several youngsters on the up-grade like Sammy McCarthy, the unbeaten Stepney featherweight, but they have a long way to go before they hit the world headlines. One disturbing development I have noticed within recent months has been the alarming numbers of contests that have ended through cut eyes. I am not going "all Edith Summerskill," but the symptom should be investigated, and if possible stopped. On several occasions I have seen the injury caused by the foul use of an opponent's head, yet never have I seen a referee call upon Rule 6, which gives him power to disqualify a boxer for butting. The British Boxing Board of Control lays down the rule in clear-cut fashion. If they were translated in forthright manner, the penalty of disqualification would act as a deterrent.

The wider question of serious injury caused by boxing is a subject that disturbs many people. In the past five years there have been forty-seven professional boxers and over twenty amateurs killed in the ring. Some little time ago a well-known medico—not Edith Summerskill—voiced an opinion on the topic. He pointed out that countless boxers are beaten into varying degrees of mental incapacity. He contended that a knock-out invariably damages the brain in some way. Injury to skin or bone was immaterial. They would heal, but brain damage could be permanent. Anyone who has seen the results of too long an innings in the ring will agree. Few sights are more pathetic than the advanced stages of punch-drunkenness. Another medico urged that the rules should be revised. Punch-drunkenness should be regarded as the No. 1 problem of the ring, simply because it is a complaint that surgery and medicine are powerless to cure. Foul blows should be those that land above shoulder-level. Punches below the belt may be damaging, but they are not lethal. Abdominal muscles can mend, whereas the brain is permanently injured. In a nutshell, these medical advisers would like a ruling by which the low blow is cautioned, but the head blow would mean disqualification. The result would be more humane, but I doubt whether it would be welcomed by spectators or promoters, though I noticed a few weeks ago that the Soviet Ministry of Sport has banned head blows in boxing and now limits matches to three rounds.

Return of a Legend

A year ago we saluted the passing of a great champion. The occasion was the Covered Lawn Tennis Championships at Queen's Club. The player was the immortal Jean Borotra, twice Wimbledon singles champion, and in my estimation the finest covered courts player of all time. He had just been beaten by Ignace Tloczynksi 10—8, 7—9, 6—4, 8—6, and at the age of fifty-three had made his last appearance in the championship. For 2 hours and 50 minutes the veteran had held his own. It was an inspiring performance by one who had first captured the title a quarter of a century earlier. As a last gesture Borotra jumped the net to congratulate his opponent.

We spent that evening together. He reminisced and for those who would recall the days of Brugnon, Lacoste, Cochet, Lenglen and Vines it was indeed a sentimental journey. Now, once more, the legend returns, this time leading the International Club of France in the fixture against the International Club of Great Britain, again at his beloved Queen's. Fifty-four is not normally an age at which a man is taken seriously at such a strenuous sport as lawn tennis, yet such is Borotra's stamina and personality that his presence is ever welcome on the court. In many ways it was a tragedy that Tilden and Borotra should have been contemporaries, for in his heyday Tilden overshadowed the Frenchman. On the other hand, the bouncing Basque has improved with the years like vintage wine. I only hope he has the rare sense to retire before the body lags too far behind his spirit.

At the Nineteenth

It is difficult to realise that a golf-course of such quality as Walton Heath can be so close to London. I was talking to Henry Cotton in the West End, yet well under an hour afterwards I was walking across fairways watching the Professional Match-Play Championship. Here was golf at its best. The match between Fred Daly and A. Poulton was a marathon needing thirty holes before a decision was reached. Those twelve extra holes did not affect the Irishman, for he went out again and beat young Peter Alliss by 6 and 5. All that was very exciting, but I prefer to remember the occasional lapses of giants like Bobby Locke. The way he played the short first hole brought joy and hope to every long-handicap onlooker. He tackled it like a ham-fisted 10-handicapper. His tee-shot found a bunker . . . nothing difficult . . . just the type of bunker that the experts need to bolster-up their ego. This time an insensitive blow sent the ball scurrying across the green in approved rabbit fashion; whilst, to cap the effect, his opponent, Flory van Donck, needed three putts. I know these are but temporary lapses, but how comforting to feel that even the great have moments of humiliation.

Walton Heath is not a happy hunting-ground for the South African. He looks as uncomfortable on it as the American Ryder Cup players did in the same event a few years ago. Shortly after the championship ended, I watched Locke and Eric Brown team-up against Fred Daly and Henry Cotton in a substantial money-match. There was no doubt about the result: 8 and 7 is a comfortable margin. It did not flatter the Daly-Cotton partnership. Locke has always been keen to match his skill against Cotton. Of the two I have backed the Englishman. In spite of the fact that he has now virtually retired from competitive play, I still prefer his shot-making. His control is masterly. Not only that, but Cotton brings to such a match much more than his playing ability. His personality is a dominant factor. It gives him a psychological advantage over opponents before a ball has been struck. We have several promising youngsters on the threshold of what may well be distinguished professional careers, but as long as semi-veterans like Fred Daly and Henry Cotton continue to produce such form, their turn will have to wait.

No Divots

Some little time ago the United States Golf Association announced that they had developed a new type of grass so tough that it could literally be described as divot-proof. It had the further merit of being weed-free and requires no watering. Dr. Frank Grau, the Green Section Director, gave the assurance that there is no clover and everyone would have a brassie lie. The prediction was that the 5000 American golf clubs would save something in the region of £45,000,000 on course maintenance. I now hear that similar experiments are being tried in this country. Unfortunately progress looks like being slow. It is said that several years will be needed before an entire fairway has been given the new grass across the Atlantic. It remains to be seen whether we can improve on their time schedule.

Congratulations

. . . to Jack Wardrop upon earning the proud title of finest all-round swimmer in the world. If he succeeds at the end of the month in winning the 500 yards, he will have won every British free-style record. Unfortunately, Wardrop will shortly be lost to this country for four years. Somewhat ironically, he is going to Michigan University to study English. With all due respect to that seminary, I should have thought one of our own universities could have tackled the subject just as successfully.

Writing on the Wall

With due deference to the M.C.C., it can now be revealed that three packets of pethidine, a sleep-inducing drug like morphia, were picked up at Lord's after a county match had ended.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MISS PATRICIA IRELAND: For a toe-dance that prevents any heel-taps!

With the tankards firmly upside down and decidedly empty, Patricia, twenty-year-old ballet dancer, discovers a good way of training for perfecting her balance, control and poise. She had her first ballet lessons at the Memorial Theatre at Stratford, and later at the Sadler's Wells Ballet School.

FLOWER-SELLER "HARRY": For making the most of an aromatic business.

A London street trader always ready to give customers a laugh is Harry. For the last thirty years he has had a flower-stall at Chancery Lane Tube station, where his blackboard enjoys a local fame for its persuasive wise-cracks. A famous example: "If your mother-in-law is at death's door, our flowers will pull her through."

POLICE CONSTABLE FRED CRUST: For being faithful to London's solitary constabulary beard.

There are no regulations in the Police Force regarding beards, and Constable Crust, who is P.C. 494 at Marylebone main station, began growing his four-teen years ago. Now he has a neatly-clipped Van Dyke and stiffly-waxed handle-bar moustache, which are the pride and joy of the Metropolitan Police.

MR. GOMER MORRIS: For brightening up the milk-round with selections from the operas.

Mr. Morris, an ex-miner from Wales, manages to combine the rôles of milk-man and opera singer. He runs a dairy in Roundwood Road, Willesden, and practises his arias on his early-morning round. Then off he goes to rehearsal at Sadler's Wells, comes home to rest in the afternoon, and back to the theatre for a performance in the evening.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Sudden Fear

(Carlton)

JOAN CRAWFORD'S *Sudden Fear* is one of those splendidly preposterous, wildly emotional and unconsciously comic melodramas that have made the moving pictures what they are, but have regrettably been going out of fashion lately. It is years since I saw so many unchecked tear-drops streaming down the cheeks of a heroine in close-up, such starting eyes, such gnawing of the knuckles. "HEARTBREAK—Poised on a Trigger of Terror!" is the way they describe the picture, and Synopsis carries quite a sheaf of testimonials from New York critics to the effect that it "brings you to the edge of your seat and keeps you there," or "holds with an unrelenting grip."

Miss Crawford appears as a rich and fabulously successful playwright, who makes the mistake of sacking her leading man (Jack Palance) for lack of "oomph," during a rehearsal of her new drama, *Halfway to Heaven*. This so gets under the actor's skin—you know what actors are—that he plans to prove he has "oomph" to a high degree, and at the same time take a terrible revenge upon her. Meeting her by cunning accident in the comparative privacy of a coast-to-coast express, he proceeds to woo her, wed her, and then, with the help of an obliging girl-friend (Gloria Grahame), arrange to murder her. Just *how* he is going to bump her off—whether by poison, or gun, or pushing her down a flight of steps—is not quite determined when, through his carelessness in discussing his plans in front of a live microphone connected with a play-back, his wife learns all.

You and I, not being playwrights, would doubtless go straight to the police at this juncture. Not so Miss Crawford. After registering all the emotions of horror, shock, dread and heartbreak proper in the circumstances, she sets her experienced mind to work on the construction of a counter-plot. Besides being a playwright she is a woman of many talents, which include forgery and house-breaking. In next to no time she has got things so fixed that she can shoot her husband and have the girl-friend convicted of the murder. The programme doesn't work out quite according to schedule, for, of course, it wouldn't do to have Miss Crawford left with any blemish on her character, but the wicked lovers are violently eliminated all the same.

Miss Crawford, we are told, wears "forty style-setting ensembles" for this uprush of melodrama: "created especially for her." There is, in fact, a complete page—if that is the word—of credit titles, dedicated to the sartorial artists who have clad Miss Crawford, even unto the designer of lingerie. The predominating fashion seems to run to high necks, clutched to the throat-line with tiny bows or collars of costume jewellery. For the first kiss she affects black sequins, modestly anchored by a central strip across the wide-open spaces of the torso. For Awful Realisation she wears an a most grandmotherly pleated négligé, primly caught up with velvet baby ribbon. For murder she prefers the high, turnover collar, but allows herself a fringe of icicles across the bosom. The whole thing is a superb demonstration of the way to dress, strikingly and practically, should you find yourself Poised on the Trigger of Terror, or caught up in Sudden Fear.

The Planter's Wife

(Generally released October 20)

THIS is a British film, with Claudette Colbert as guest-star, and Jack Hawkins and Anthony Steel as actors representing England. It deals with the sort of situation that confronts the planters of Malaya, who are constantly on the *qui-vive* to protect their wives and families, their rubber trees and lorries, against the assaults of bandits.

The action takes place on the eve of the planter's wife's return to England. Her luggage is packed and labelled for her father's home in Chalfont St. Giles. Misunderstandings have arisen between herself and her husband. She is not sure that she is ever coming back again. And then the bandits surround the bungalow. The planter creeps out, under cover of darkness and with the help of a native boy who shows him a secret way under the wire defences, to silence a machine-gun. The planter's wife is left, with another machine-gun, to defend the household.

The film is not a great one—not nearly as good as the novel from which it has been adapted—and its excessive caution never to mention the word "Communist" makes it seem, at times, as remote as a pioneer Western. But it does move, which is the first thing one asks of a moving picture. The performances are highly competent, and the occasional ineptitudes are pretty well hidden under a flurry of action. *The Planter's Wife* may not convey the full seriousness of the situation in Malaya, but it does give some hint of the tension felt by British residents in that troubled corner of the world.

Miss Crawford demonstrates the way to dress, "should you find yourself Poised on the Trigger of Terror, or caught up in Sudden Fear." For the mood of Awful Realisation, she affects this "almost grandmotherly pleated négligé, primly caught up with velvet baby ribbon."

Carson City

(Warner Theatre)

THERE is quite a lot to be said for *Carson City*, which offers, as well as the riding, shooting and general muscular activity proper to a pioneer Western, a very fancy line in villains. These gentry, secretly led by Raymond Massey, whose public life is that of a highly-respected citizen, are known as the Champagne Bandits, on account of their habit of entertaining their victims to a slap-up picnic luncheon, with a gesture worthy of Robin Hood or Beau Brocade.

Their line is mail-coach robbery, conducted from the base of a disused mine (and how all those cases of champagne are transported out into the desert without rousing the smallest hint of suspicion, is something we need not seek to discover). When the city bankers, distressed by loss of bullion, invite engineer Randolph Scott to run a railroad through the territory, the bandits are upset, to say the least of it. With every yard of track they see their livelihood diminishing, and from comparatively sporting law-breakers they turn into desperate and rugged killers. But Mr. Scott is not the type to be put out by little things like mountains falling on him. In the end, of course, Carson City gets its railroad, and all the bandits are eliminated. I don't know who gets the spare champagne.

The film uses a new colour system known as Warnercolor. It is not nearly as bright as dear old Technicolor, and at present seems largely confined to the blue ranges. This gives the film a certain softness, as of something seen through autumn wood-smoke. The effect is not unpleasing, but it certainly doesn't give much scope to the costume department, suggesting that everyone's clothes in Carson City have been cut from the same bolt of blue.

My Wife's Best Friend

(Odeon, Leicester Square)

My Wife's Best Friend, with Anne Baxter and Macdonald Carey, is what I should call a *contrivance*, as distinct from a comedy. It starts with a good comic idea; then drags it out to 1 hour 28 minutes of running-time, during which Miss Baxter can appear in a number of stylish costumes and several different types of womanhood.

The idea is this. A husband and wife grow recklessly confidential when they think they are going to be killed in an air-crash. The wife begs forgiveness for her shortcomings. The husband assures her they don't matter; three years ago he had an affair with her best friend, anyhow. "Nothing *happened*," he assures her. "I mean, not *really*." After the first shock of surprise, and in what she assumes to be the last moments before death, the wife says she forgives him. And then, of course, the airplane makes a perfect landing. And ordinary life has to be resumed, with the wife stuck with her promise of forgiveness, but eaten up with gnawing suspicion, and the best friend waiting for them both at home.

This might be the beginning of almost any sort of drama; comedy, tragedy, or that realistic compromise between the two which is the sort of thing most human beings have to act in. In fact, it turns out to be the beginning of a series of artificial poses, in which Miss Baxter "makes like" Joan of Arc, a humble Bedouin wife, and Cleopatra, showing how each of these women would react to a man's confession of infidelity, and her own promise of forgiveness. All the time, of course, the film is working its way towards the moment when the heroine, having gone out too freely with her husband's rich business client, is forced into the position of having to say herself, "Nothing *happened*. I mean, not *really*."

In a not very credible piece of work, the shrewdest touch is a coolly candid slanging match between the two women, ending with the observation: "I've always hated you, and you've always hated me, but that doesn't mean we can't be the best of friends."

Our Fashion Portfolio

by

Norah Owen

AUTUMN FASHIONS

Very quickly now, after the showing of the Paris collections, is it possible to find the lines, colours and fabrics dictated by Paris as fashion news, not only in the shops in London, but in the more remote towns of this country. Some clothes with the new Autumn Fashion points are shown on this and the following pages.

Through the gateway into Autumn, and for later Winter days under coats and furs, Paris has stressed the tailored, more tweedy-looking dress. Frederick Starke's simple dress in black-and-white checks is a case in point. The skirt in front is straight, with a button-through bodice, the back has slight skirt fullness and an amusing "storm-proof" yoke. From Rocha, Grafton Street, and McDonalds, Glasgow, it costs about 19 gns. The close-fitting red velvet hat, with a black, fluffy feather at the right side, is by McCracken and Bowen, from Harrods, London, and Kendal Milne, Manchester, price 8½ gns.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

(Continued overleaf)

Left: Without a doubt, two of the most important items of fashion news this Autumn are tweed for formal occasions and black velvet. In this three-piece by Matita, both fashions are combined with great effect. The jumper-suit, another highlight in Paris, with its straight skirt and high, round neck, is worn with a beautiful black-and-white thick tweed full-length coat, lined and faced with black velvet. Ideal for so many occasions, worn separately or together, it comes from Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, and Rosetta, Bristol. The black velvet hat, with its side-moving small brim, is by McCracken and Bowen, at Marshall and Snelgrove, London and Leeds, price £7 19s. 6d.

Coats for Town; and Dresses

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

AUTUMN FASHIONS

Right: Another fashion feature of the season is the widespread use of fur on coats and suits. This fitted coat, with its widely-flowing skirt, in a soft, hairy fabric, is in nightshade green, with neat collar and cuffs in ocelot. By Simon Massey, it comes from Dickins and Jones, London, and Leaders, Southport, costing about £43. The close-fitting hat in dark gold velour, with a jaunty pigtail at the back, is a "Town and Country" model by Hugh Beresford, from Swan and Edgar, London, and Marshall's County Shop, Birmingham, price £3 19s. 11d.

Above: Black velvet again with a button-through bodice and wide skirt. This many-occasion dress is by Rembrandt, and will be found by the end of October at Woolland's, Knightsbridge, and Kendal Milne, Manchester, price about 20½ gns. It is worn with a geranium-red plant-pot hat, with a black velvet brim, a "Town and Country" model by Hugh Beresford, price £4 9s. 11d. from Swan and Edgar, London, and Marshall's County Shop, Birmingham.

Above, left: This reed-slim, serge dress by Dorville, with its button-through bodice and straight skirt, is the basic dress for accessories. At Peter Jones, London, and Samuels, Manchester, between £20 and £25. It is worn with McCracken and Bowen's amusing velour jester cap in varying shades. From D. H. Evans, London, and Copland and Lye, Glasgow, price £5 11s. 11d. The stole in rich Ranch Mink has an unusual feature in the neck-hugging collar. From the National Fur Company, Brompton Road, London, and provincial branches.

Left: Jersey is news, and the dress in tucked jersey in a wine shade has the back-fastening and cowl-shaped yoke shown in so many Paris collections. By Bery, from Marshall and Snelgrove, London and Southport, about 15½ gns. It is worn with one of the new jersey hats in pale green, by McCracken and Bowen, from Woolland's, Knightsbridge, and Rackham's, Birmingham, price £4 15s.

(Continued overleaf)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

Lace has run through all the collections on both sides of the Channel, particularly black lace, which is unrivalled for pretty, formal wear. Rima's black dress, with its frills of lace and net yoke, is flatteringly feminine, and may be found at McKay Couture, South Audley Street.

AUTUMN FASHIONS

Following the theme of black for after-dark, we have (*left*) a black grosgrain cocktail-suit, with a straight skirt and double-breasted jacket. By Marcus, from Jenners, Edinburgh, and Kendal Milne, Manchester, about £25. The pastel mink coat is from the National Fur Company. Again in black (*right*) is the smart wool and grosgrain cocktail dress by Lady in Black. The neatly-fitting jacket takes off, leaving a bare-topped dress. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham, price about 20 gns.

Black Dresses for After-Dark

Black again, this time in satin. A very simple, slim cocktail-dress, rich in its fabric. It has short sleeves and a revered neck-line. By Frederick Starke, this dress is to be found at Violet Yorke, Baker Street, and Jenners of Edinburgh, price approximately 17 gns.

(*Continued overleaf*)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

AUTUMN FASHIONS

Left: Dinner dresses are being shown very much more this Autumn, and Mary Black's long-sleeved dress is ideal for country houses and for the woman who wants a more "covered-up" dress for dancing. Black lace over écru net, with bands of ruched black lace round the skirt and rounded neckline make this beautiful dress from Harrods, London, and Wilson's, St. Ann's Street, Manchester, price about £35.

For Enchanted Evenings

Below: For formal occasions, brown is another colour that has made a dramatic reappearance. Susan Small's brown-and-white brocade cocktail dress has a wide skirt, elbow-length ruched sleeves and a widely-cut neckline, piped with brown velvet, which also outlines the skirt pockets. From Galeries Lafayette, London, and Watt's of Glasgow, the price is under £25.

Left: For more formal evenings is this dress by Susan Small. In rich blue satin, it has a fitted bodice and halter neck, embroidered with black beads and sequins, which also glisten at the top of the "barrel" wide skirt. This dress will be found later in the Autumn at Gertrude Carol, Knightsbridge, and Anthonie, Cardiff, price about 30 gns.

Right: Black and brown come together in this dramatic dress from Joy Ricardo's Salon, which she has opened at Woolland's, Knightsbridge. Brown taffeta, threaded with black wool, is the amusing fabric, and the collar and pockets are in black taffeta, fringed with black wool. Joy Ricardo charges lesser couture prices.

ELEGANT ECONOMY

A new department where every purchase is truly an economy has been opened by Debenham and Freebody. Planned for the younger members of the shopping public, including the young married woman and the career-girl who is dressing on a shoe-string, it is known as the "20's" Budget Shop. Here, suits and coats will sell for under £12, and dresses for under £10. This evening dress, in grey georgette, with its Grecian lines and silver-kid belt, sells for only 8½ gns.

A CASHMERE
by
Ballantyne
OF PEEBLES

THE BALLANTYNE SPORTSWEAR COMPANY LIMITED
INNERLEITHEN SCOTLAND

Ballantyne of Peebles, Inc., 2 West 45th Street, New York

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

The 6.15 is but one link in the chain of electric power that transports thousands of passengers daily between cities and their suburbs. These links include the turbines and generators which provide the electricity, the transformers, switchgear and substation equipment which deliver current to the track, and the traction motors and control gear on the train. The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company not only supplies all these vital links, but complete trains as well.

bringing you

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' has electrified more than 60 railways in 5 continents, bringing faster, cleaner and more comfortable travel to millions of men, women and children. In the field of transport alone 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' has over 40 years of specialised experience.

Wherever electricity can play its part, by land, sea or air — in industry or the home, 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' generates and adapts it for the use of mankind.

better living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

TALES WITH A STING

ESPIONAGE À LA MODE

By Bevis Winter

THE last job I did for M.I.5 put paid to a promising career in espionage—my own. I was detailed by Colonel Moresby to retrieve the stolen plans of a new amphibious landing barge which had been undergoing modification at the Llangrysl Research Station. We had received a signal from our agent in the Middle East to the effect that he had picked up the trail of a girl suspected of bearing the stolen plans to the Zlotnian headquarters in Bronsk.

I left immediately for Tangier, but I arrived too late: the spy had moved on.

This agent, according to the reports, was an exotically ravishing creature in her late twenties. I had been warned that she was a very self-sufficient and penetratingly shrewd spy. A copy of the stolen plans had been made on miniature film and pasted to her back.

My contact told me: "This beauty is no fool. She is known to every Intelligence organisation in the world as the smartest woman in the business. Her real name is Mata Houris, but she works under a formidable variety of names and disguises. At the drop of a hat, or the value of the pound, she can switch from one nationality to another, and she speaks twenty-seven languages like a native. The plans you have to retrieve are pasted to her skin, but, with her usual cunning, this woman is carrying a rolled package wrapped in black oilskin as a red herring. The package cannot be mistaken—it has leather thongs."

My next move was to meet our agent in Marseilles. He was awaiting me with detailed reports. I picked up the trail again and finally located my quarry at the Rivera Hotel in Aberzolt, on the Gromunian frontier. She was slinky and svelte, wearing a wig of burnished gold curls and posing as the art critic of an internationally infamous Grodnian cultural periodical. She was using the name of Sonia Alfridi. I knew all this from my reports, and I was by no means discouraged when I discovered that overnight she had switched personalities again and was, by breakfast-time, posing as a mannequin from Paris and using the name Yvonne Cazalon.

She was, of course, a free-lance operator: that is, she was prepared to sell the plans she had stolen to the highest bidder. Consequently I was not surprised to find a number of other international agents in the hotel: doubtless at this rendezvous to bargain on behalf of their respective Governments.

I watched her in the cocktail lounge that night. She was irresistibly lovely; tall and slender as a willow, graceful as a gazelle, her luxurious curves accentuated by a tight-fitting black chiffon gown. Her classic features were enlivened by the vivid marine lustre of her deep-set eyes, and she was sipping a daiquiri, in the company of two men.

Sidling up to the bar where the three sat on high stools, I edged casually close to her and, pressing a million-franc note on to the counter, ordered a mottled vodka.

The Basque barman stared at me and observed dryly: "Sorry, we don't serve red wine."

I changed the order to a baby Guinness.

Yvonne had tossed me an inquisitive little glance from beneath her long, silky lashes and it was obvious that she had developed an acute interest in my suave assurance, debonair appearance and million-franc note.

Still maintaining my disarming expression, I began to hum the lilting chorus of an Andean folk-song. I switched to a little Dutch roundelay, and then smoothly into a breezy little Chilean mazurka.

The girl spoke, in a dry, sultry, blood-warming undertone. "Excuse my saying so, but your music seems very cosmopolitan."

"I'm sorry if my chanting disturbs you," I said stiffly, pleased to have broken the ice. I spoke in pure dialectic Serbian, to test her alleged linguistic versatility.

"Not at all," she countered, snaking closer and speaking in Peruvian. "It is just that I wondered what your true nationality might be You sing Dutch and Chilean songs, you look like a Swedish lumberjack, yet you have the manner of a Persian archæologist. It intrigues me."

I responded smilingly, speaking out of the corner of my mouth and watching her two companions out of the corner of my eye. "That is because I am a man of the world," I told her cryptically in Alsatian. "I am over here on business. I am looking for a woman."

"Well," she laughed melodiously, "France would be the best place for that."

"One particular woman," I elaborated, lapsing into the Gaelic. "One who has something in which I am interested."

"Ah," she murmured. "You mean she has something you very particularly want?"

Her two companions nudged each other and made a strategic withdrawal. I moved in closer. The lingering scent of *Chanelle Mark V.* caressed me, and when she sighed heavily, I ignored the thrust.

"That's it, precisely," I acknowledged. Obviously she was quick on the uptake: she took me for another of the agents who were to rendezvous with her at the Rivera Hotel to bid for the stolen plans. On the counter, alongside the empty glasses, I saw the rolled waterproof package, fastened with leather thongs, which, as I knew from my reports, contained the phoney plans—the red herrings.

I said soulfully, leaning impetuously against her: "*Ma chérie*, I took a nose-dive for you the moment I saw you. Let us go somewhere and talk about it."

HER suite was delightfully feminine. I threw a casual glance around, admiring the bric-à-brac and noting the evidence of earlier guests; cigarette-butts overspilling the ashtrays, empty bottles of liquor, and a man lying in a drunken stupor on the mat in front of the wall-safe. I sat down and accepted the drink she held out for me.

I said: "You seem to be taking very good care of that little black package. It is important, yes?"

For a moment a hard glint flickered in her brooding, azure eyes. But the fragmentary suspicion faded and she said softly: "It is *very* important!" I said: "Look, I believe I know exactly what your game is." Then slyly, I suggested: "Supposing we come to the point?"

"Later," she entreated, developing a mysterious air.

I leaned over and smudged some of her purple lipstick on to my mouth. She said: "Those two men downstairs—they are after the package, you know."

"Yes," I said, "I know. Important designs like those must be a constant danger to so lovely a woman as you."

She kissed me. I mixed her another Bronx, then a Sidecar and then a Horse's Neck. I poured her a neat Bourbon. Twenty minutes later I locked the door securely and laid her face-downwards on the davenport. She was out cold. I thought to myself in faultless Czech: "You're a hell of a spy, you are, my beauty! Falling for that old Mickey Finn routine!"

My hands brailled her back, seeking the thin outline of the pasted film. I knew it would not be near her bare shoulders because she would not wish the plans to suffer from exposure. But I could not find the strip of film.

I went along to my own room and brought an enlarging glass, and examined every inch of her back, without finding any trace of the stolen plans.

I frowned. Someone, I told myself in Flemish, had blundered. Unless the girl was more cunning than we realised! Suppose the plans in the waterproof package were the *real ones*! Suppose she had deliberately spread the idea about the "phoney" package expressly to mislead her enemies!

I bounded to the buffet and snatched the black oilskin roll from the top: I tore off the leather fastenings and unrolled the package. There were some thin tissues protecting the contents, and when I tore the tissues away I found myself holding half-a-dozen sheets of cartridge paper and a typewritten note of instructions.

I stared at the papers in amazement. Her name really *was* Yvonne Cazalon. She actually *was* a mannequin. And she was taking the drawings from Paris to London for the Autumn Show at Horrindges. They were secret new designs from the Schlingler Fashion House! Hermie Schlingler's new Autumn collection!

POINTS OF VIEW

Our point of view is the same as the camera's, which sees most bleakly these ladies in all the absurdity of evening dress on the steps of Versailles, where the sweet and silly Marie Antoinette asked why the peasants who wanted bread couldn't have cake instead.

"His nose was as sharp as a pen," said Mistress Quickly, ruminating about the dying Falstaff in *Henry V.*; our great comedian, George Robey, here showing his own point of view on his bust by R. S. Ward, proved his classic qualities in this part.

These middle-aged (?) and not necessarily willing partners have publicly shared, for commercial purposes, more points of view than they are likely, privately, to have in common.

HAIR STYLE BY

Steiner

By appointment Hairdressers and Perfumers

THE WOMAN who wears an air of distinction as comfortably as she wears her mink, inevitably crowns it with a Steiner hair style. That is something 'every schoolgirl knows'. But does the schoolgirl know (and we are thinking of her future in a world where personality is all) that No. 66 Grosvenor Street houses not only the great hair stylist and his experts, but a host of specialists in every aspect of beauty? *Steiner Hair and Beauty Preparations, as used in his salons, are obtainable from leading stores, chemists, hairdressers everywhere.*

66 Grosvenor St. London W1.

Φ14 *Mayfair 5245*

Style D5038.

Accent on the nipped-in waist and full swing skirt. Graduated stripes add that touch of distinction.

'Inexpensively Yours' by

HOLYROOD

IN FINE WOOL JERSEY

In lovely colour combinations of Iced Lime/Dark Green, Wisteria Pink/Madeira, Sulphur/Peat Brown, Blue Crayon/Dark Grey, Light Grey/Dark Grey. 36" 38" 40". Priced under £5. 5. 0.

If in any difficulty, write for name of nearest stockist to—
MURDOCH, HILLSON LTD.,
73, MITCHELL STREET, GLASGOW, C.1.

Longleat
65/-

Bedale
65/-

Lucilla
65/-

Over to Envelopes

Freshest autumn style theme—the Envelope Vamp, one inviting version of the new tilt cut. Over to the side goes a light fold of leather, sealed with stitching, with snap studs, or slotted and fobbed. Here, Country Club envelopes vie their lines against two side-flaring styles. A difficult choice . . . if you couldn't have both.

Clarks
COUNTRY CLUB
Featherwelts

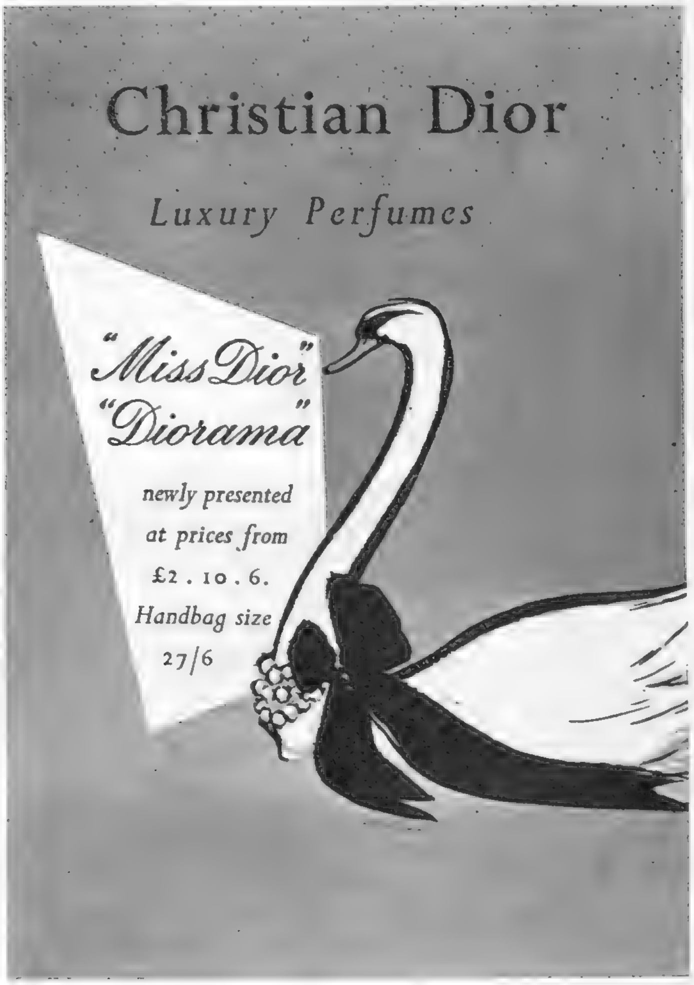
Brecon
65/-

Harmony
65/-

Lucilla Walnut Brown and Black.
Harmony Hawthorn Red, Flagship Blue, Amberglow and Black.
Brecon Cognac Brown, Flagship Blue and Amberglow.
Longleat Cognac Brown, Blue and Black.
Bedale Cognac Brown, Hawthorn Red and Black.

—shoes with a sense of occasion

Nearest shop? Write Clarks Dept. L2, Street, Somerset — *and ask for a style leaflet.*



To Paris
for as little as
£9 . 15 RETURN!

NEW CHEAP RETURN FARES

Ask your Travel Agent about them

fly BEA

B R I T I S H   E U R O P E A N   A I R W A Y S

Personal, direct Export Scheme operated.
Susan Handbags Ltd.,
68 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 8673.

Where Every Beautiful Hair Dressing Begins...

Every lovely coiffure owes its beauty to healthy hair; for, as all good hairdressers agree, hair that is healthy takes a permanent wave better, *keeps a permanent wave longer* and sets more easily and charmingly.

There is no better way of keeping the hair healthy than regular brushing with a Mason Pearson brush — the brush that *really* brushes.

With its slender spired tufts of nylon or black wild boar bristles, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, the Mason Pearson penetrates right to the scalp. It stimulates, aerates, sweeps away dust and dandruff and lifts every disarranged strand into place, restoring the set to its proper formation.

And remember, a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave. Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores.

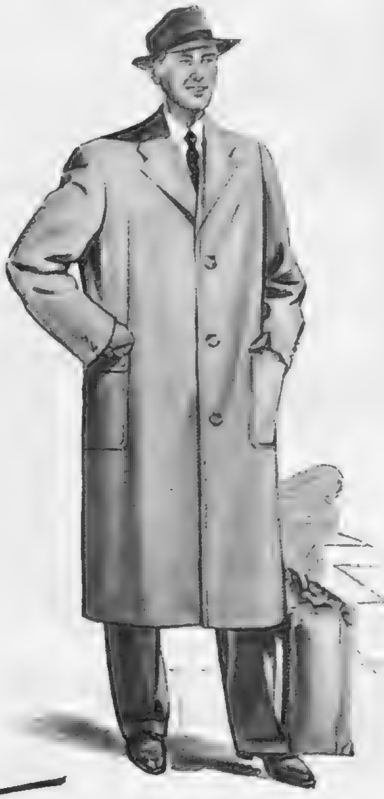
14/6

16/11 AND OTHERS UP TO 55/-

Interesting booklet, post free, from Mason Pearson Bros., 70, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

MASON PEARSON

London — England



Valstar

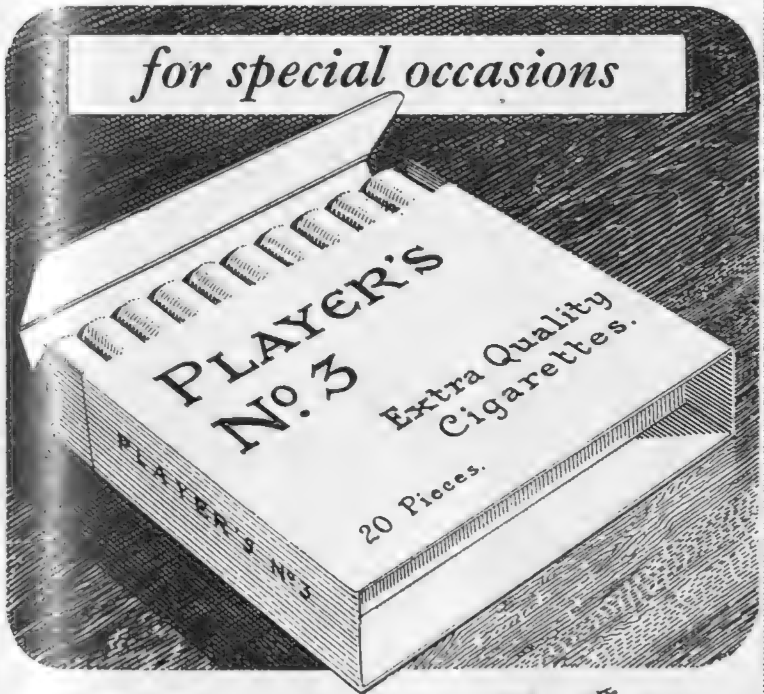
The Aristocrat of Overcoats

AVAILABLE AT MOST FINE STORES

Write for the name of your nearest stockist to:

VALSTAR LTD. · 314 REGENT STREET · LONDON, W.1

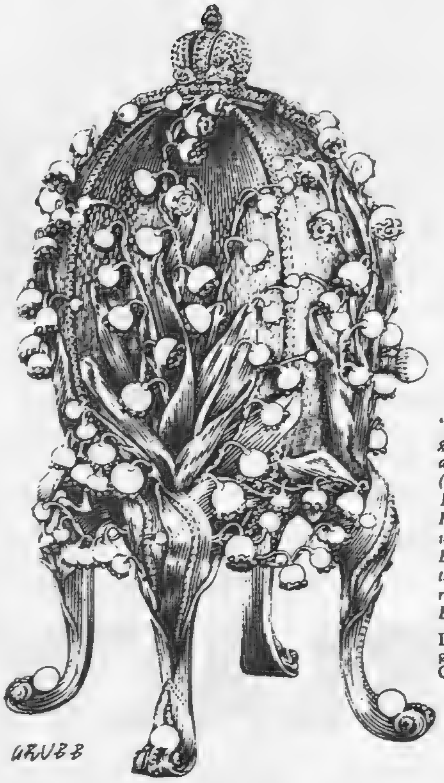
for special occasions



PLAYER'S
Nº 3

The Quality Cigarette

[3P 112B]



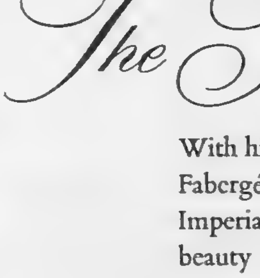
'Surprise' Easter Egg in green gold, pink enamel, pearls and diamonds, by Carl Fabergé (1846-1920) goldsmith to the Russian Imperial family. Presented by Nicholas II to his wife, Alexandra Feodorovna, Easter 1898, this Egg contains three miniature portraits which rise up from the interior of the Egg and open fanwise.

Drawing prepared with the guidance of Messrs. Wartski, Court Jewellers, London.

The Fabergé touch

With his genius for the intricate, Peter Carl Fabergé, jeweller to the Russian Imperial Court, created pieces of exquisite beauty from traditional materials. His followers of today have even more scope, for they can match their skill with palladium. Rarer than gold, this superbly suitable jewellery metal is fashion's choice for the loveliest settings and re-settings. And it is being used for quite inexpensive jewellery, as well as for luxurious and spectacular suites.

Ask your own jeweller about palladium.



Palladium

A PRECIOUS METAL FOR FINE JEWELLERY

PLATINUM METALS DIVISION

The Mond Nickel Co. Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon St., London, W.1

21/PD/21

At home or away

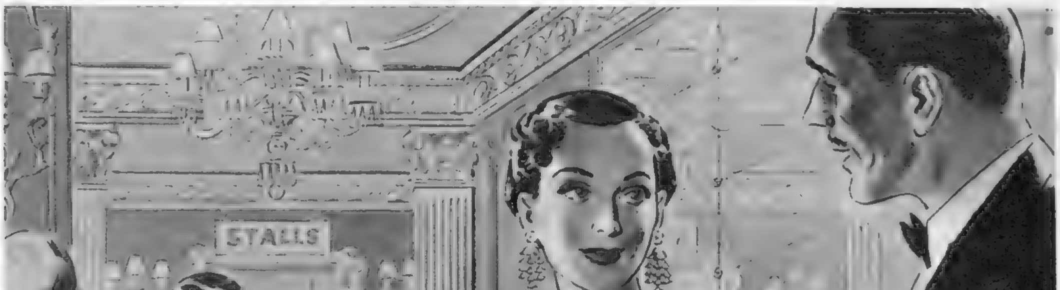
There is nothing to equal Scotch Whisky — whether enjoyed at home or away. How extra good it is when you choose "Black & White". Blended in the special "Black & White" way this fine Scotch Whisky is the perfect drink at any time and for all occasions.

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI.
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.



Best for all occasions

STATE EXPRESS 555

The Best Cigarettes in the World

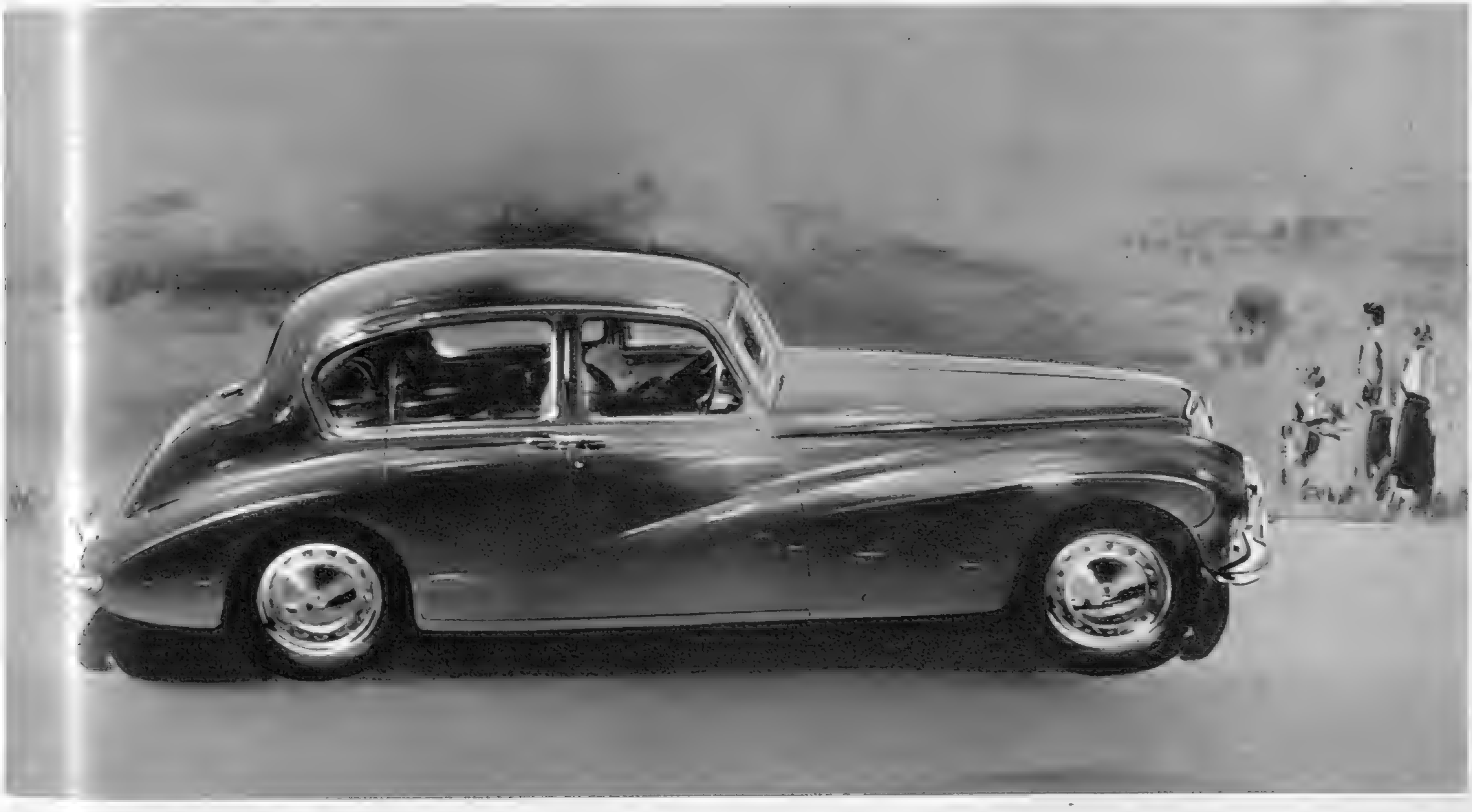
BY APPOINTMENT
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

The House of STATE EXPRESS. 210 PICCADILLY. LONDON, W.1.

The New 90 m.p.h

SUNBEAM-TALBOT 90

with powers of endurance proved by repeated international successes



...an exciting car Effortless high speed; brilliant acceleration, stability and accuracy of control; superb comfort and luxurious appointments . . . these qualities make the lovely new Sunbeam-Talbot 90 the sportsman's car of the year.

Arrange for an exhilarating trial run TODAY!

'THE TIMES' said of the 1952 Alpine Rally results:—

" In winning three cups, the Sunbeam-Talbots can be said to have made the best performance by one make of car in the Rally, a fact acknowledged by their being awarded the Team Prize . . . those that can survive this ordeal are very fine cars indeed."

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

SUNBEAM-TALBOT LTD. RYTON-ON-DUNSMORE COVENTRY   LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD. DEVONSHIRE HOUSE PICCADILLY LONDON W.1

This is the Gin
GENUINE LONDON GIN
Distilled and Bottled only by
GORDON'S
IN THE BOTTLE WITH THE SQUARE FACE
Gordon's Special Dry London Gin
The Heart of a good Cocktail
70° PROOF
PRODUCED IN LONDON, ENGLAND
By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to the late King George VI
Quality Incomparable
Gordon's
Stands Supreme
Maximum Prices: Per bottle 33/9; Half-bottle 17/7; Quarter-bottle 9/2; Miniature 3/7. U.K. only

Is there a Hennessy in the House?
HENNESSY BRANDY
HENNESSY
HENNESSY
THE BRANDY THAT MADE COGNAC FAMOUS

After Dinner Speeches . . .
"At the outset I want to reassure you I am not this size really. Oh dear, no! I'm being amplified by the loudspeakers here . . ."
G. K. CHESTERTON
an "Embassy" cigar speaks for itself
Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
E.C.11H

SEE all . . .
HEAR all
A picture that is clear and crisp and lifelike . . . sound so natural you could swear you were actually there . . . and above all a built-in dependability of performance—a dependability which has made friends for G.E.C. all over the world and turned these initials into a household word everywhere. Your approved G.E.C. dealer will gladly demonstrate, for example, this fine 12" table set BT.5146, priced at 69 gns. tax paid.
SAY G.E.C. TELEVISION & RADIO
...you can depend on it!
THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO LTD

Each great and gay occasion calls forth its own Traditions an
helps to perpetuate them. And, just as the spirit of Napoleo
spread its magic over every European scene, so the great Brand
associated with his name lives on to link the present with th
past. For, in Courvoisier—Cognac's sublime achievement—ther
is a mellowness which both expresses the past and lends heart t
the present.
COURVOISIER
COGNAC
The Brandy of Napoleon
COURVOISIER
The Brandy of Napoleon
FINE CHAMPAGNE
N

Swift, silent, stylish . . .

To see a Zephyr-Six is to get an impression of power and performance; when you drive one that impression becomes exciting. This car is a leader . . . born of Ford Leadership in design. It has speed and verve — but with restraint of style, comfort in riding, and ease of driving. And it is economical to buy (more than ever since Ford led the way in price reduction), with consistent economy in running and maintenance costs. Always, and everywhere, you have the Ford Dealer Service to keep your Zephyr-Six at its excellent, economical and exciting best. ZEPHYR-SIX £532 PLUS PURCHASE TAX £297 . 1 . 1.

Ford ☆☆☆☆☆ MOTORING

the best at Lowest Cost

BRIGHT AND EARLY

"Bonjour, M'sieu. This morning you are the early worm."

"Bird, Henri. And I propose to catch myself a delicious drink."

"Entendu. And after the banquet M'sieu is well?"

"Gay as a finch, as you so picturesquely put it. Complete recovery from a night of old-world jollity."

"And with the gin you took the Rose's Lime Juice?"

"Henri—you begin to comprehend the British train of life. Beaucoup de gin, beaucoup de Rose's. Here goes! First today . . ."

ROSE'S — *for Gin and Lime*

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

LATE VISITORS...

Enjoy FULL-SEASON PROGRAMMES

GOLF
TENNIS
RIDING
ICE SKATING
THEATRES
CINEMAS
MUSIC
DANCING

There is no out-of-season feeling at Bournemouth—its six-mile stretch of golden sands is always thronged with happy holiday makers! Enjoying the marvellous air and sunshine. Revelling in the unequalled facilities for every kind of sport and entertainment. Filling every moment with interesting and varied experiences. In this lovely city of parks and gardens, with its background of an historic countryside, you can be sure of a glorious time whenever you plan your vacation.

Bournemouth

BRITAIN'S ALL-SEASONS RESORT

Write for the Bournemouth Guide enclosing 6d. (P.O. please) or Free Folder and Hotel List from Information Bureau, Room 57, Westover Road

Refreshment Car Expresses from London (Waterloo). All-Pullman "Bournemouth Belle" runs daily

your feet must b·r·e·a·t·h·e·

Foot perspiration is healthy but . . . it must escape. Only leather soles allow that. For health and comfort there's nothing like leather.

Ask...is it REAL leather?

Good fare can be appreciated more after a glass of DRY FLY SHERRY. It is the best appetizer at cocktail time.

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle

From your Wine Merchant or:
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co. Ltd.

By Appointment Wine and Spirit Merchants to the late King George VI.

Gilding the

LILLET

Apry (Apricot Liqueur) or Anisette?

For every bon viveur who likes a dash of "Apry" in his Gin and Lillet there's another who prefers a dash of Marie Brizard Anisette. Yet a third school of thought insists that the simplest and best cocktail is 2/3 Gin, 1/3 Lillet and a squeeze of lemon peel. Which of all these makes the best aperitif? Try them and give the decision.

★ *In the 1952 World Cocktail Competition, Lillet was a main ingredient in the 1st & 4th cocktails chosen.*

Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars

MACANUDO

FABRICA DE TABACOS MACANUDO F.P. JAMAICA F. PALICIO (JAMAICA) LTD.

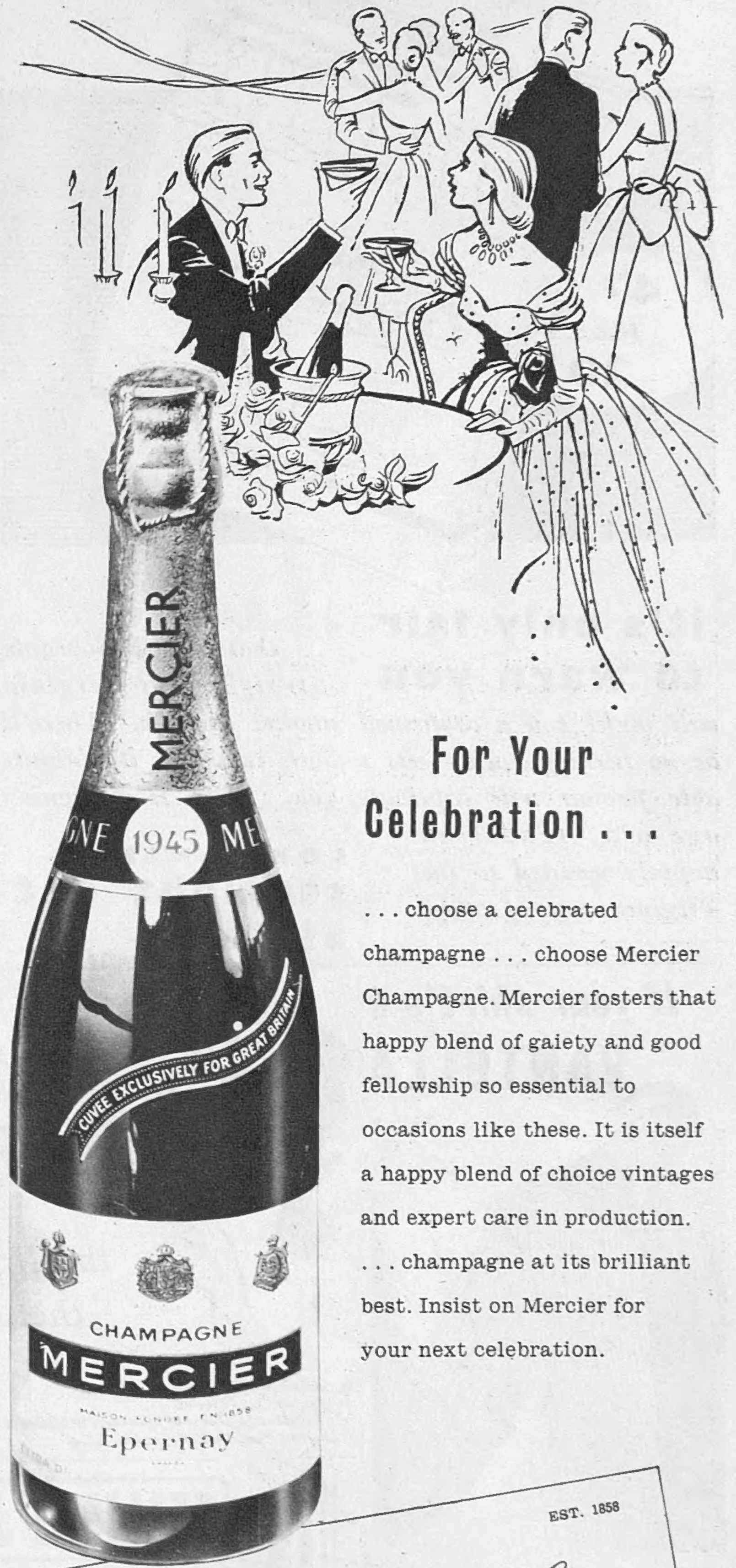
JAMAICA

PUNCH

REAL FABRICA DE TABACOS PUNCH R.E. HABANA J. VALLE YCA

HAVANA

The same fine quality Havana wrappers are used for both brands of cigars.



For Your Celebration . . .

. . . choose a celebrated champagne . . . choose Mercier Champagne. Mercier fosters that happy blend of gaiety and good fellowship so essential to occasions like these. It is itself a happy blend of choice vintages and expert care in production. . . . champagne at its brilliant best. Insist on Mercier for your next celebration.

EST. 1858

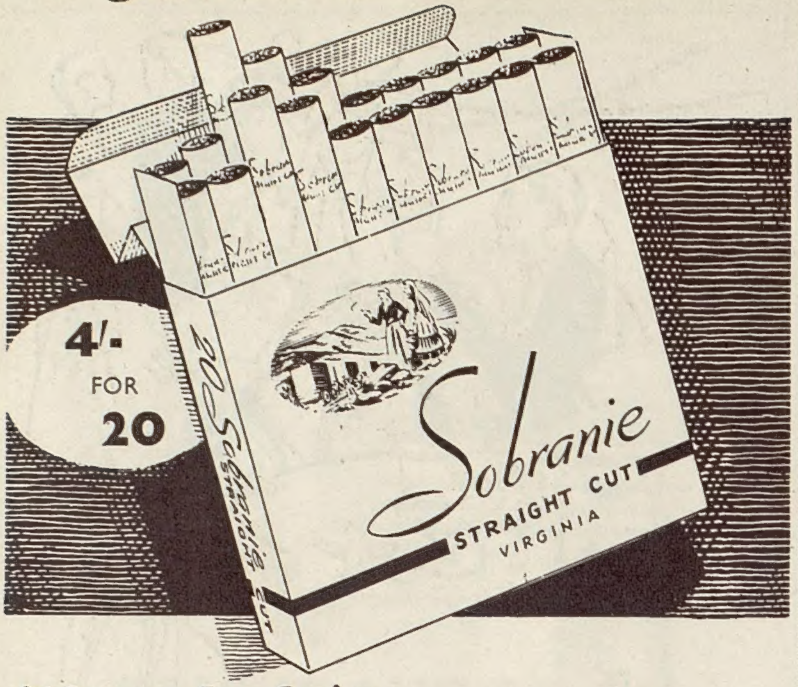
Champagne

MERCIER

Cuvee Exclusively for Great Britain

JARVIS, HALLIDAY & CO. LTD., 62 PALL MALL, S.W.1

Sole Agents for Great Britain



it's only fair to warn you *... that the new Sobranie Straight Cut Virginia will make you a confirmed smoker for life. There'll be no turning back — its smooth smoking, its inimitable flavour will captivate you. Here is Sobranie's age-old tradition happily wedded to the Virginia vogue of today.*

SOBRANIE straight cut virginia

Chaplins is a name to conjure with in the wine trade—for it is close on ninety years since Chaplins brought their first batch of fine sherries from Jerez de la Frontera. Connoisseurs of sherry, whether their taste be for light or dark, say Chaplins and there's an end to it. Chaplins it has to be. Here's a choice of six of the best to suit all tastes.

CHAPLINS
fine sherries and Concord ports

CELESTA *a delicate pale dry Fino*
MARINA *a rare Manzanilla*
St. TERESA *distinctive Amontillado*
PLAZA *an old golden Oloroso*
TOM BOWLING *rich brown Oloroso*
TARANTELA *traditional dark sherry*

W. H. Chaplin & Co Ltd, Tower Hill, London, EC3 ⱷ2

If your shirt's a VANTELLA

★ it has a Van Heusen unshrinkable neckband

★ Van Heusen semi-stiff cuffs that wear and wear

★ boneless, buttonless, always-smart Van Heusen Collars to match

All Vantella shirts are tailored coat style. Pattern card available

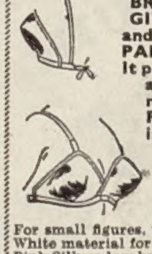
COTELLA LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.1

I love
MARIE BRIZARD
APRY
the liqueur of the ***Apricot***

★Available from Wine Merchants and Stores throughout the United Kingdom.
Sole Distributors: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.
3, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

BREAST SUPPORTER SPECIALIST

Trade Mark. Regd. Design Patents. Copyright reserved (Established 1917)



BREAST SUPPORTER, which GIVES UPLIFT, COMFORT, and IMMEDIATELY RELIEVES PAIN and INFLAMMATION. It prevents SORENESS, CHAFE and STOOPING. Recommended for girls for Sports, Riding, Golf, etc. Also most important for Maternity and Nursing Mothers. Should be worn both DAY and NIGHT.

Various prices for one's requirements and tastes.

For small figures, white fine material. From 59/6
White material for heavy figures. From 63/-
Pink Silk or low back model. From £5 19s. 6d.

JOU JOU is made to individual measurements.
Personal Fitting when calling or send particulars.
JouJou made in all sizes large and small.
Describe your case, send stamped addressed envelope.

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. 8 10 52

Obtainable only from 'Phone Welbeck 1249. Dept. 634.

JOU JOU Co., 32, Baker St., London, W.1

SELLING JEWELLERY?

HAYES *the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers offer you the following*

RECORD PRICES

£10-£5,000 for Diamond Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings.
£20-£500 Diamond Watches.
£10-£100 Solid Silver Tea-sets, Salvers, Sports Cups, Gold Cigarette-cases and Pocket Watches.

VALUATIONS BY FELLOW GEMMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

If you cannot call personally, send your parcel by Registered Post, it will be quite safe and you will receive an immediate Cash Offer without obligation to sell.

M. HAYES & SONS LIMITED
106 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1 HOLborn 8177

MEDITERRANEAN SUN
without foreign currency

Beautiful bathing & lovely beaches in

MALTA

stay at

HOTEL PHOENICIA

15 days (incl. air travel) **82 gns.**

Overland travel also arranged

Malta Travel Bureau *(GERrard 6477)*
24 Golden Square, London, W.1
(or any other Travel Agent)

M E L T I S   L T D · B E D F O R D · E N G L A N D

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

“It's not for me to choose a customer's light ale for him. But Whitbread's is what they generally ask for, and then I know they know what's good. Whitbread's Pale Ale pours clean and clear to the last drop.”

the best of the light ales is a

WHITBREAD

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD., 27 BRITANNIA STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON W.C.1

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, October 8, 1952. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Postage Rates :—Inland 2½d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 3d.